

HENRY WILLOUGHBY.

A

NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

THE only preparation necessary for the liberal-minded Reader, into whose hands the following story may happen to fall, is to state, that the Author, who is just of age, has spent the most valuable part of his past life, in a profession eminently hostile to the pursuits of literature, and the cultivation of the understanding. It is now twelve months since he quitted the ocean, and
returned

returned to those studies which delighted his earliest years, and cheered the untoward path necessity led him to pursue.

HENRY WILLOUGHBY.

CHAPTER I.

THE place of my nativity was a small country village, where my father, who was a lieutenant in the navy, had retired to spend the evening of his life, in the bosom of his family, and the cultivation of domestic happiness. His half-pay, and an annuity belonging to my mother, enabled him to live genteelly; and his sociable and facetious disposition rendered him a welcome guest in every company. The jests and adventures of Captain Willoughby (such was his name, and the

title he assumed) were the delight and wonder of every circle within ten miles of his habitation. He was the life and spirit of every party of pleasure, and the soul of every convivial entertainment. My mother was a most notable housewife, and managed her little property so well, that, before marriage, she had contrived to lay by a few hundred pounds, the principal and interest of which, she afterwards set apart to portion her children. She was a woman of a most excellent understanding, and had enlarged it by an intimate acquaintance with the most celebrated French and English writers. Her disposition was amiable and mild, and her manners conciliating and bland. She associated very little with the thoughtless circle of my father's acquaintance, but dedicated the most of her time to the

the education of her children, and the management of her domestic concerns.

Such were the persons to whom I owed my existence.—I was the youngest of three children, but my brothers dying while I was yet in the cradle, I early became an only child, and as such was doated on by my father and mother. The years of my childhood glided away in ease and happiness; and under the tuition of my mother, I made a considerable progress, not only in the rudiments of learning, but of the sciences also. At fourteen, I was well grounded in the English, Latin, and French languages; and, besides the ordinary acquirement of writing, I was acquainted with the elements of arithmetic, and the principles of geometry and the mathematics. Nor did the progress of my knowledge rest

here ; for, being blessed with a retentive memory, and fond of reading, I was acquainted with the most singular events in ancient and modern history.

My father designed me for the profession of a lawyer ; but my mother opposed it on account of the chicane and sophistry with which that profession is involved : “ Rather,” said she, “ let my son earn his bread by the labour of his hands, than receive the wages of immorality and falsehood—Rather let him be honest and poor, than rich with the rewards that flow from vicious pursuits.” My father used to smile at her doctrine, and retail some anecdote that tended to ridicule those who express a contempt for the riches and honours of the world. Though I laughed at the wit of my father, still my mother’s arguments made a strong

strong impression on my juvenile mind, and I determined to reject every prospect of advantage that was in opposition to her inclination.

After my father had given up all thoughts of making me a lawyer, he ventured one day to propose that I should be brought up to the church, and added that he did not doubt but my abilities would enable me to make as great a figure in that line as his brother, Dr. Willoughby, did. " I am surprized, my dear Mr. Willoughby," answered my mother, reddening with vexation, " that you should think of making a minister of your son, when the profession is your constant theme of ridicule and derision. Besides, can you be certain, that when your son arrives at the proper age to take orders, he will then believe all the dogmas advanced

in the thirty-nine articles. Many men have disbelieved them, and perhaps your son may add to the number. In that case, he will be obliged to relinquish the profession, or declare himself a believer of what he conceives to be error ; and, what is still worse, he will then become a teacher of it to others." My father returned no answer to my mother's arguments, but I could perceive he was inwardly grieved that his intention should be frustrated by an over-great nicety of conscience ; for so he used often to style the amiable sincerity of my mother.

I must now begin the history of my sorrows and misfortunes, for about this period they commence. My mother had long been afflicted with a consumptive disorder, which, from its first appearance, her physicians had prognosticated would
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prove fatal ; and being desirous to settle all her wordly affairs, before her departure, she wrote to her money-agent requesting him to transmit her a statement of the amount of the property vested in his hands. She did not however receive an answer to her letter, but expired in the arms of my father shortly after, imploring him, with her last breath, to be watchful over my tender years, and to supply her place. It is impossible to describe my feelings on this occasion. I raved with grief and madness ; and prayed that death, the proud despoiler of my happiness, would level his shafts at me, that I might seek, in unknown worlds, the mother he had taken from me. The grief of my father was of a more tranquil nature. Though melancholy was depicted on his countenance, his manly

fortitude repressed the emotions of his soul, and his sorrow vented itself in tears.

His resignation, at length, however, enabled me to overcome my excessive affliction; and after we had paid the last sad offices to departed virtue, I so far recovered my spirits as to pursue my studies with my usual assiduity. But I observed that my father declined apace; an inward melancholy seemed to prey upon his heart, and sap the vitals of his existence. Whenever I was in his presence, he endeavoured to appear chearful and gay: but his sighs, the tears that trickled down his cheeks, convinced me his mind was ill at ease. Often at midnight, I have heard him pace his chamber with quick and perturbed steps, and on a sudden he would throw himself upon his
bed,

bed, and groan, as if afflicted with the most violent agonies. If I entered his chamber, and demanded the cause of his moans, he would, in a harsh tone, tell me to begone to my own apartment, and I should know the cause of his distress at some other time.

My father continued a few weeks in this situation : his melancholy seemed rather to be increased than diminished, and he confined himself for whole days in his chamber, without taking the smallest nourishment. One evening, as I was sitting on his bed-side, endeavouring to prevail on him to take some refreshment, I perceived, as I raised his pillow, that a pistol was concealed beneath it. The sight of this engine of destruction, filled me with horror and fear. I was unable to demand for what purpose it was there,

but my mind suggested its fatal use. My father soon perceived my agitation, and, guessing the cause of it, he removed the pistol from under his head, and laid it on the opposite side of the bed. Then taking hold of my hand, and looking earnestly in my face, he said, in a harsher tone of voice than I ever before remember him to have used: "Why dost thou tremble, child? art thou a coward? or is thy brain maddened with the pernicious folly of religious bigots and melancholy enthusiasts? Away with such folly, for thy father harbours it not, nor can'st thou instil it into his mind! What aileth thee? doth thy heart reproach thy father? No! no! poor boy! thou dost not reproach me, thou art not angry with me!"

Sighs

Sighs and groans here choaked his utterance, and he sunk insensible upon his pillow. Racked with a thousand agonizing sensations, I was unable to call for assistance, but wildly embracing the neck of my parent, I imprecated heaven to pour its worst vengeance on my head, or restore to me the author of my being.

The warmth of my embrace at length recalled the fainting soul of my father, and he feebly requested me to bring him a glass of wine and a little toast. I ran, or rather flew, to execute his request; and, after he had swallowed the glass of wine, and eaten a small portion of the toast, he raised his head upon the pillow, and, desiring me to sit on the bed-side, accosted me thus:

“ A few hours hence, I shall be released from all the troubles and anxieties

of life; my body will moulder to its original earth, and if, perchance, there exists in me a reasoning faculty independent of matter, it will return to the incomprehensible Being that created it. I am weary of life, and solicitous to quit it. I once thought to have shortened the duration of my journey, but the space of a few hours were not worth anticipating. The oil is nearly consumed, the lamp will soon burn out; it need not therefore be extinguished. You were acquainted with my resolution, but I have not yet told you the cause which produced it. Your ruin, my son, was the cause! your beggary, your want, the motive! I could have borne every other evil of life, I could have despised calamity and distress, had I been the only sufferer, but your misfortune crushes me indeed. A sealed paper in the wal-

nut-

nut-bureau will inform you of the particulars, and also acquaint you what I think most prudent for you to do after my decease. When I have paid the great debt of nature, you will be abandoned to the mercy of the wide world; sorrows will fall heavy on your tender head, and disappointments embitter the days of your youth. Then your fortitude must enable you to bear. But beware, my son, of the fascinations of vice, and tread in the path of virtue. Then, though calamities and afflictions should assail you, though you should be oppressed by poverty and misfortune; the corroding agony of remorse shall be a stranger to your heart, and you shall be free from the misery of repentance; your own heart shall afford you consolation in the most severe trials, and support you through all the difficulties

ties and perplexities of life. I feel myself too weak to proceed ; the breath of life is nearly exhausted, and my heart shall soon cease its throbbings.—Remember, child, when I am gone, if you indulge in immoderate grief, you pay but a sorry honour to my memory ; but, by following the advice I have taught you, by practising virtue and benevolence, you will pay a true and proper respect to my memory, and even though I am dead, a portion of me shall remain in you, and animate and cheer you through all the storms and disasters of life.”

Here he was unable to proceed, and again relapsed into his former state of insensibility. He continued in this state all night ; but towards morning his senses returned, though weakness had deprived him of the power of speech. He be-
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koned me to approach him, and feebly preſſing me to his heart, expired in the act of beſtowing his ſilent benediſtion. For ſome time, I fondly perſuaded myſelf that my father was only in a ſwoon ; but, the icy coldneſs of his checks, his eyes fixed immovable in their ſockets, diſpelled my anxious hopes ; and, at the entreaty of an old domeſtic, I retired to my own apartment.

It is eaſier to imagine than deſcribe the ſituation of my mind at this period. I was ſcarcely recovered from the affliction occaſioned by the death of my mother, when it was renewed, with double poignancy, by the loſs of my father. The proſpect before me was clouded even unto darkneſs, and I looked forward with horror and diſmay. I was unable to underſtand the meaning of my father, when
he

he declared my ruin was the cause of his desperate resolution ; and added, that a sealed paper in the walnut-bureau, contained an explanation of the mystery. I determined on the following day to inspect the paper, that I might learn the full extent of my misfortunes, and endeavour to fortify my mind to endure them with patience.

On the morning of the succeeding day, I hastened to the room where the bureau stood, and was proceeding to unlock it, when a stranger entered the door, and in a peremptory tone commanded me to desist. His fierce and savage aspect appalled me with fear, and tremblingly returning the key to my pocket, I ventured to ask him what was his business in the house ? “ I don’t know, youngster,” answered he, “ that I have any occasion
to

to tell you my business; but howsoever, as you seem to be a civil sort of a boy, and comport yourself well, I think there will be no harm to let you know. The truth of the matter is, there's an execution in the house, and I am one of the bailiffs sent to look after the goods: and it is my duty to see that nobody meddles with them." My heart was too full to make any reply, and signifying my acquiescence by a slight inclination of my head, I retreated back to my apartment, to meditate how I could obtain possession of the paper that was to explain the fatal cause of my father's unhappiness.

Can I not by entreaty prevail on the bailiff to let me peruse this paper, that is of such importance to my welfare? He, surely, will never refuse my request; he cannot be so cruel and hard-hearted.—

But

But I must prepare myself for the worst, I must secure the means to enforce my request, should the bailiff deny it. Such were my reflections: and I determined to search my father's bed for the pistol I had seen the evening before his death.

Full of this resolution, I entered the chamber where the corpse lay. No one was near to pay the last melancholy attendance that humanity requires: nor had the bed-clothes been removed from the position in which I left them. The pistol still remained where I had seen it two evenings before. I grasped it with eagerness, and after waiting a few minutes to bedew with my tears the cold lips of my parent, I returned to my own apartment, to consider what would next be proper for me to do.

My agitation was excessive. The sight
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of the pistol inspired me with horror ; and all the dreadful ideas it had at first presented to my mind, recurred with accumulated violence. I thought I saw the venerable image of my father weltering in his blood ; he called me to him, and demanded if I had fulfilled his injunctions. A noise in the parlour below, dissipated the illusions of my brain, and hearing the cries of the old domestic, whose entreaty had prevailed on me to quit the body of my father, I hastened down stairs to her assistance. I immediately burst open the parlour door, and beheld the bailiff and another man apparently in the last stage of intoxication. The old woman was entreating them to desist, and they, offended at her interference, were endeavouring to turn her out of the room.

“ Fiends !

"Fiends! hell hounds!" I exclaimed, presenting my pistol, "on your lives desist, and instantly depart from the house!"

"Not so soon, master," retorted the bailiff, furious at my menaces; "I shall stay till my employers think proper to order me away."

"Then let your blood be on your own head, for I swear by the eternal Judge who governs the world, this moment shall be your last, unless you depart hence! Begone! or you are a lifeless carcase."

My menaces, and the determined tone with which I spoke, had the desired effect; and, after muttering some threats and curses, they both quitted the room. I then endeavoured to sooth the affliction of the old woman; and after she had recovered from the emotions of fear, I requested her

to

to inform me how the bailiff and his follower came into the house. She informed me, that after I had quitted my father's chamber, she went to a neighbour's house to procure some assistance to lay forth the dead body ; and when she returned, she found two men standing in the passage. They told her, they had come to take possession of the house at the suit of two gentlemen, who were once my father's constant companions ; and also added, that she need not give herself any trouble about the corpse, for the creditors would send an undertaker to do whatever was needful.

Such were the particulars I learnt from the old servant.—I was enraged to madness, to find my father's most intimate friends so soon forget their formerly beloved companion, and employ the harpies
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of the law to insult his lifeless remains.—

Oh man, man! what a composition art thou! more fell than the gaunt wolf, that descends from the Appennines, and devours the shepherd and his sheep! more ferocious than the wily hyena, that ransacks the grave for his support! and more cruel than the lurking panther, that arrests the incautious traveller on his way! Thy poniard is whetted for the breast of thy brother, and thy dagger is uplifted against his heart! his affliction is thy delight, and his adversity thy harvest! Thou prosperest by his distress, and thy coffers swell by his misfortunes! Yet, monster and inhuman as thou art, the hand that laid low the oppressed, shall crush thy arrogance and pride!

Such were the exclamations of my rage; but as that passion subsided, it was suc-

ceeded by a calm grief, which suffered me to reflect with tranquillity on the unfortunate situation of my affairs. My first care was to open the bureau, where the sealed paper my father had mentioned was deposited. When I found it, I retired to my own chamber to inspect its contents, and locked the door to secure me from interruption. It contained two letters: the one addressed to Dr. Willoughby, the other to myself. I still preserve my own registered in my heart; and often at the dead hours of night, when sleep was a stranger to my eyes, I would direct my wandering thoughts to to this last memorial of my father, I would repeat it again and again, and charge my memory faithfully to guard this precious relick of my lamented parent. Though I have lost the original,

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its words are faithfully engraven on my heart, and I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of transcribing them :

“ MY DEAREST CHILD,

“ When you receive this, the barrier of death will have separated us: I have ceased to exist, and am at rest from the misfortunes and distresses of life. But you are just entering upon life, and have to struggle with all its difficulties and disasters. You have to combat the contempt of arrogance and wealth, and to oppose the disdain of ignorance and folly. You have to stem the strong current of adversity, and to resist the rough billows of calamity. Poverty awaits you. But, my son, amidst the afflictions, amidst the inevitable evils and hardships of life, preserve and maintain your integrity and virtue.

virtue. Let your actions be guided by the unerring monitor that nature has implanted in your breast, and suffer not your reason to become a slave to the allurements of vice. In your transactions with the world, let your conduct be equally remote from cringing servility and haughty pride: and remember, you owe a duty to yourself as well as to your neighbour, and when you seem to despise yourself, you may depend your neighbour will despise you in reality. I have mentioned self-respect, because, it is a virtue that does not frequently associate with poverty; and, for the same reason, I recommend you, in every situation in which fortune can place you, to exhibit a manly fortitude and resolution. Towards those who are your superiors in age or wisdom, behave with attention

and respect : but while you endeavour to conciliate their friendship and esteem, be careful that your attention does not deviate into adulation, or your respect into servility. While you exist, my son, while the breath of life is in your body, remember you are a man, and the proud prince or duke, that is descended from a long line of kings or emperors, is no more. This, the world may call pride or haughtiness, but I esteem it to be the true and proper dignity of man, which ought to be cherished and supported as the brightest ornament of his name.

“ My inward decay will not allow me to expatiate further on this subject ; but you may recollect I have often instructed you in it, and adduced examples of its excellence from the worthies of Greece and Rome. I must now proceed to the
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melancholy

melancholy duty of relating the cause that has produced thy beggary, and my death—.

“ You know your excellent mother had amassed a little fortune, which, at her decease, she intended should devolve on you. This fortune she intrusted to the care of a merchant in London, who regularly received the interest of it, to apply it for the purpose of augmenting the principal. About a week before your mother’s death, she wrote to this agent, desiring him to send her an account of her property ; for, entirely confiding in his honour, she had neglected to write for some time back. Fortunately for her peace of mind, there was no answer to her letter till a month after her decease. I then received an account, from a person who stiled himself the assignee of

her agent, which stated, that he (the agent) had left London about six months ago, and resided at Boulogne, in France, whither he had transmitted property to a vast amount, which for the most part belonged to his employers.

“ Judge, my son, what were my feelings, what were my emotions, when I read this account; when I found that poverty was the portion of my child. I endeavoured, however, to conceal what I felt from your observation: but my heart was ill fitted for the task, and I soon discovered the inefficacy of my attempt. From this period my life became a burthen, and I determined to——, but my sorrows are past, and I will not recal them to your memory. About this time, two men, who, in the days of my prosperity, were proud to call me their friend, waited

waited upon me, and demanded payment of a sum of money, which, some years ago, unknown to your mother, I borrowed of them.—I had it not in my power to pay the debt, nor they in their hearts to forgive it.—Oh! friendship, friendship, thou art but a name, thou art but a shadow: I thought to have caught thee, but, like a vision, thou eluded my grasp!—When I told them my inability to satisfy their demands, they answered me with the utmost contempt, that money they must have, and that there should be an execution in my house on — next, unless the debt was paid. I disdained to make any reply, for I resolved not to outlive the disgrace.

“ I then applied myself to write this letter, and another to your uncle, Dr. Willoughby, wherein I recommend you

to his protection. You know his character; I need, therefore, say nothing on that head. But I command you, my son, as soon as you read this, which I hope you will do a few hours after my decease, to set off for your uncle's habitation. My creditors will seize on my body; but you must leave it at their disposal, and scorn their malice. Let them glut their eyes with the sight of my carcass, and, trust me, it will soon pall them.

“ Enough, my son, thy father is no more; and all that remains for thee is to obey his injunctions.—Alas! I am unmanned: my tears blot the paper.—Farewel. My last thoughts blessed thee.

“ H. WILLOUGHBY”.

The perusal of this letter was little calculated to mitigate the load of grief that
preyed

preyed on my mind. I was now acquainted with the full extent of my misfortunes, and determined instantly to obey my father's commands, by setting off for my uncle's residence, which was distant about twenty miles from the place of my nativity. I resolved, however, to indulge myself with another sight of the remains of my beloved parent, and to pay the tribute of a few tears to his clay-cold limbs. The luminary of the day was now sunk in the western sky, and his parting rays scarcely diffused a dubious light, to retard the approaching darkness of the night. I entered the apartment where my father lay; and wildly throwing myself on the bed, I embraced the lifeless body, and poured forth the agony of my soul in groans and lamentations. I was stupified with grief and affliction; all my

CHAPTER C 4 senses

senses were absorbed by the consideration of my unhappy situation, and I forgot the injunctions of my father, till the village clock, proclaiming the hour of midnight, recalled them to my memory. I then took a last embrace, and hastily quitted the apartment. The old servant was sitting by the door. She had watched my motions, and remained there from the time I first entered the room. I was much touched with this demonstration of her affection, and desiring her to follow me to the parlour below, I informed her of such particulars of my father's letter as related to the loss of my fortune; and the resolution I had taken, agreeable to his command, to set off immediately for my uncle's house. Tears and sighs interrupted her voice, and she could scarcely articulate, farewell.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER II.

I NOW departed from the residence of my youth, and bid adieu to the scenes where I had spent almost sixteen years of happiness and bliss. The moon shed a dim light on the earth, and scarcely made visible the path I had to pursue. All the fancied terrors of darkness were present to my imagination, and augmented the gloomy horror of my mind. I hesitated to proceed, and seating myself on a stone by the road side, I resolved to wait the approach of day-light. The solemn stillness of the night accorded with the gloomy despair of my mind. Reason could scarcely combat the various passions that agitated and distressed my soul.

The cheerful notes of the lark, at

length hailed the approach of morning, and roused me from my dream of despair. It was the middle of the month of June : nature was decked in her gayest apparel, and the feathered choristers of the air sung carols to exhilarate the jubilee season of the year. My heart participated in the joys of nature, and I resumed my journey. The habitations of my beloved parents soon disappeared from my sight, and I beguiled the tediousness of my way, by figuring to my imagination, the reception I should meet with from my uncle.

Dr. Willoughby's disposition was the very reverse of my father's; morose, haughty, and severe. A coolness, bordering on dislike, had for many years subsisted between them, and prevented all intercourse. My father was several years elder than the doctor, and had afforded him

him great assistance before he got the rectory of Bridgeland; but gratitude was not a vice Dr. Willoughby harboured; the obligations, therefore, he owed my father, instead of tending to reconcile their animosities, served only to increase them. Such was the man from whom alone I could expect support, and on whose protection I was about to throw myself.

Sometimes I thought my uncle would not receive me into his house, and that I had better return and trust to chance or accident to provide for me, than to expose myself to his insults or contempt. But the injunction of my father, and his letter to my uncle, would steal upon my mind, and irresistibly impel me to proceed. Reason also convinced me, that I ought not to return before I had obeyed my father's command, and made an ef-

fort to gain the affection of my uncle. Should I 'not succeed, should he refuse me his protection, I should still have the consolation to think I had not been much disappointed in my expectations, and could then pursue, without regret, some other plan for my future support.

Full of these and such-like reflections, I arrived at my uncle's house, and was conducted into the study. After waiting a considerable time in a state of the most anxious suspense, my uncle entered the room, and in a magisterial tone of voice, demanded what was my business with him? My heart was too full to suffer me to make any reply to his question; so I delivered my father's letter, and retired to a corner of the room, to give free vent to my tears.

After

After the doctor had perused the letter, he appeared somewhat mollified, and taking me by the hand, said, " Well, well, since things are so bad, thou shalt not starve; I will keep thee in my house, till I can bind thee apprentice to a shoemaker, mason, or some other reputable tradesman."

He did not wait for a reply; but left me to meditate on his elevated, and my own abject, situation. As I placed almost my whole dependance on his bounty, I did not think it prudent at that time to discover what were my sentiments relative to my being apprenticed to a tradesman: but I firmly resolved in my own mind never to become a voluntary slave, for such I considered every apprentice to be. I was, however, happy to think I had got a house over my head, and I did
not

not with unnecessarily to endanger my stay in it. I also flattered myself, that as my uncle had no children, nor even any relations except myself, I might, in a short time, by my assiduity and attention, render myself not only agreeable, but even necessary to him.

I must now give my readers a short description of the person of Dr. Willoughby, who, with a revenue of six hundred pounds a year, wanted to bind apprentice, to a shoe-maker or mason, the orphan son of his only brother. My uncle was about six feet high, and so miserably lean, that "as meagre as Dr. Willoughby" was a proverbial phrase throughout his whole parish. His complexion was of a fallow hue, and his nose aquiline: his mouth was contracted with a thousand wrinkles, which, from every part of his face, converged

verged towards that spot ; and his chin pointed downwards, as if it dreaded a contact with his nose. To add to the singularity of his visage, one-third of it was covered with an immense peruke, which, in whiteness, rivalled the mountain snow, and formed a ludicrous contrast with the fallowness of his complexion.

He had resided many years at the university of Cambridge, where, by his regular and exemplary behaviour, he gained the esteem of the heads of his college, who first gave him a fellowship, and afterwards the living of Bridgeland. As soon as he was in possession of the living, he entirely forgot the humble sphere in which he had moved, and assuming an air of proud authority, commenced an arrant tyrant over his parishioners, with whom he was almost constantly embroil-

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ed in law-suits respecting his tithes. His pride and arrogance rendered him hated and despised, even by his own brethren the clergy; and he more than once came under the censure of the archdeacon of the diocese, for neglecting some of the canons of the church. He was also a justice of the peace, and in that capacity he exercised the greatest severity towards all offenders; for indeed all his happiness seemed to consist in prosecuting a poor farmer for a tithe pig, or writing a mittimus to commit some unfortunate, rather than guilty, being to the house of correction. The implacable spirit of theological bigotry rankled his mind, corrupted every virtuous propensity, and destroyed the germs of benevolence and humanity.

Such

Such was the universal character of Dr. Willoughby.—At dinner I was admitted to sit at his table ; but as I did not dare to speak, for fear of giving him offence, and he was equally inclined to taciturnity, we neither of us broke silence till the cloth was removed. My uncle then desired to be informed of the particulars of my father's death, and the subsequent events. When I had related all the circumstances to him, except my father's intended suicide, and my own encounter with the bailiff, he said—

“ Harry, thy father laboured under my heavy displeasure; I had many weighty reasons to be offended at him ; such reasons as my holy calling would not suffer me to overlook. Unfortunately for his poor miserable soul, he had in his early days imbibed a large portion of infidelity,
and

and once in my presence, he had the audacity to attempt to invalidate the orthodoxy of some of the tenets of the christian faith ; and, moreover, he impudently denied the blessed mystery of the trinity. Nor did his contumely rest here ; he flagitiously asserted, that the church of England differed as much from the primitive church, as the Alcoran from the New Testament. My ecclesiastical dignity, and the elevated and important rank I held in the vineyard of religion, would not suffer me to dispute with such a miscreant, or to endure his insults. From that day, I regarded him not as a brother, but as an alien, on whom the judgment of God, sooner or later, must fall. My prophecy has been fulfilled, and his miserable carcase is now in the hands of wicked men, who have not the fear of the Lord before
their

their eyes. Thou art his child ; I will not visit the sins of the father upon the son, as it is perhaps my duty to do, nor punish thee for his transgressions : but I will shew mercy and forgiveness, and not avenge the offences that are past. Let me, however, child, admonish thee to pray for the soul of thy departed father, who, I am verily afraid, is in that place, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

I bowed respectfully, and was proceeding to vindicate my father's memory, when my uncle interrupted me.

" Child," rejoined he, " has thy father instilled his diabolical lessons into thy mind? is thy heart tainted with his pernicious doctrines?"

" My father taught me to love mankind as my brethren, and to do all the
good

good that lay in my power. He instructed me, that religion, without virtuous actions, was a specious hypocrisy, that might deceive the world, but could not escape the penetrating eye of him who knoweth all things."

"Monstrous! Horrible!" exclaimed my uncle, "So a Turk, or a cannibal, is entitled to the same portion of your esteem, as the most orthodox divine?"

"The hand that created me, created also the Turk and the cannibal: and if he is satisfied, dare I presume to censure his dispensations?"

"What dare you not presume to censure, thou hadst rather say. I find thou hast been instructed in erroneous principles, but it shall be my care to eradicate them from thy mind; and should my efforts prove fruitless, I will withdraw my protection.

protection. Tell me what hast thou learnt? canst thou read and write?"

I answered in the affirmative; and added that I could translate a little Latin.

" Indeed ! Indeed !" cried the doctor, with much seeming astonishment ; " I dare say it is but very little thou canst translate. And has thy father taught thee Latin, to make a broker's clerk, or a haberdasher of thee? Let me, however, hear what thou canst do."

He then took a Latin Testament from his pocket, and I read the seventh chapter of Saint Matthew, so much to his satisfaction, that he desired to see a specimen of my writing also. My penmanship pleased him so well, that he apparently forgot our theological dispute, and declared I should stay in his house until he got the amanuensis he was looking after;

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for the rheumatism, or gout, had so crippled his right hand, that he wrote with great pain and difficulty.

My business now was, to write letters, transcribe sermons, make out a mittimus, or take notes of such cases as came before my uncle, in his capacity of justice of the peace. In these various employments I pleased him so well, that in a short time he forgot or forgave my difference in opinion, and treated me with civility, and occasionally with kindness. I was his tithe-gatherer, steward, and companion. He had now no thoughts of binding me apprentice to a shoe-maker or mason: and I rendered him such essential services in a lawsuit he had with his parishioners, respecting the tithe of agistment or pasturage, that I considered myself established in his favour beyond the power of fortune

tune to injure me. Amidst these pleasing circumstances, I had also the satisfaction to learn, that my father's remains had been committed to the earth with all proper solemnity; and that his household furniture, books, *et cetera*, had produced a sufficient sum to satisfy the demands of all his creditors. This last intelligence was particularly agreeable to me; for as long as my father's debts remained unpaid, I considered myself in duty bound, to employ every shilling I should receive to the purpose of discharging them. My heart revolted at the idea that my father's creditors should insult his corpse for their fordid debts; and though I was unwilling to acquaint my uncle with my grief, lest it should give him occasion to reproach my father's memory, still I dedicated many an hour to sorrow and tears. This

source

source of affliction being removed, I began to recover my usual spirits and gaiety. The various avocations of amusement, or business, dissipated the chagrin of my mind, and in a few months restored my wonted serenity.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER III.

IN this situation, distressed with few of the cares, and none of the wants of life, I lived tolerably contented and happy. At my leisure hours, I had free access to my uncle's library, and even he himself would sometimes condescend to direct my studies. He had few modern authors in his collection, except such as treated on law or divinity : but they did not suit my taste, so I derived from them neither instruction nor entertainment. This disagreeable circumstance was, however, in some degree, remedied, by a very choice assortment of the classics. With these I made myself well acquainted, and they afforded me a pure source of enjoyment and delight. I dwelt with rapture on the

pages of Livy and Tacitus, and was enamoured of the muse of Virgil and of Horace. My mind was enlarged by the noble sentiments of Cicero and Cato, and I revered the virtue of Cincinnatus and the Decii. The heroism of Scævola, inspired me with an ardent love of Roman fortitude, and the faithful honour of Regulus astonished and delighted me. I had now an opportunity of exploring the stores, not only of Latin, but of Greek literature. My uncle, in his fits of good-humour, taught me the latter language: and, in the space of a few months, with diligence and application, I made so great a progress in it, as to be able to read either Homer or Xenophon, with facility and pleasure.

After I had been about eight months in my uncle's house, I was one day present

sent at a ludicrous quarrel between him and the archdeacon of the diocese; and, by my conduct on the occasion, gained great approbation from my uncle. The archdeacon, who was Dr. Willoughby's bitter enemy, on account of the living of Bridgeland being presented to the doctor in preference to himself, called one morning at the parsonage-house, and after he was seated in the library, accosted my uncle as follows.

“ I am come, Dr. Willoughby, to inform you of a complaint, that was laid before me by a gentleman of your parish. He said, that you obliged the corpse of a relation of his, which was brought to be buried, to remain a full quarter of an hour in the church, before you were pleased to give your attendance. Now this was very extraordinary, when, if my

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information

information be right, you had the usual compliments sent you. He also told me, that when the corpse was deposited in the grave, you neglected the wholesome and salutary custom of quitting the reading-desk; and he added, that this is a general complaint of the whole parish, that you never go to the grave with any corpse whatsoever. Now, Dr. Willoughby, I must inform you, if you do not make proper submissions, I will complain to the bishop, and then you will be subject to the censure of the sixty-eighth canon of the ecclesiastical law: I would, therefore, recommend you to submit."

"I submit! Mr. Archdeacon; I make submissions!—I submit!" again repeated my uncle with much emphasis.—"No! you have been misinformed of, or have misconceived, every iota of the case: I did

did not keep the corpse waiting ten minutes, as my nephew here can testify : but pray where would have been the mighty harm if it had staid twenty minutes ? I dare say it will be a long time before it stirs out of the church again. However, it was not my fault that the corpse waited ten minutes ; for I was not told the time when it might be expected ; it ought therefore to have waited in the hearse till I was ready. This being a true statement of the matter, neither you, nor your informer, know any thing about the sixty-eighth canon of the ecclesiastical law, when you say I am subject to its censure. The other part of your complaint is, that I never come out of my reading-desk when a corpse is put into the grave. This is very true ; and the reasons why I generally perform the whole burial-service

there, if the funeral is in the church, are, because my church is not too large for me to be heard clearly in every part of it ; and I also could perform the service to better edification, as I thought, in that situation, than by crowding, or perhaps scrambling, amongst the earth and pews, for a station near the grave. But still, Mr. Archdeacon, I was virtually present to all the important purposes of religious improvement and godliness: I was present with my voice, and the prescribed forms of the church: I was even virtually present with much more decent solemnity, than if, at the hazard of falling, or dirtying my surplice, I had made my way to the brink of the grave where the corpse was laid."

"Well, Dr. Willoughby," interrupted the archdeacon, "if you run on this manner,

ner, I suppose I may wait forty days and forty nights, before you have brought your pros and cons to a conclusion."

"I heard your story with patience," resumed my uncle, "and I expect you will hear mine. I could offer some critical reflections upon the rubrics of the burial-service, tending to shew, that the situations of the officiating minister during its progress are not quite so clear as might be vulgarly imagined. But I should be ashamed to show learning or criticism, where they would neither be attended to nor understood."

"Do you accuse me of want of understanding?" cried the archdeacon; "am I your inferior in learning or knowledge, Mr. Rector?"

My uncle's anger kept pace with the fierceness of his antagonist; and he rejoined:

“ Mr. Rector me as you like, I still persist you are infinitely my inferior in learning. I suppose you have forgot you were only a simple deacon, for many years after I was a doctor in divinity. Perhaps, Mr. Archdeacon, you may assert, you owe your present elevation to your own merit: but give me leave to inform you, I know better things. I tell you, Mr. Archdeacon, you would never have risen to any higher station, than a country-curate, or the master of a charity-school, if you had no other recommendation besides your own merit. If I mistake not, and if the world does not belie you, it was the platonic affection the Earl of G—— bore your sister, his house-keeper, that made you vicar of N——, rector of W——, prebend of D——, and an archdeacon.”

During

During the latter part of this harangue, the muscles of the archdeacon's face were alternately contracted and relaxed ; his colour vanished and returned ; till, unable any longer to vent his fury in words, he clinched his fists in the attitude of defiance, and pulling off his wig, which was from the same block as my uncle's, he threw it in his face. The doctor was not long to return the compliment. They then proceeded to blows : their gowns were soon demolished, and both their wigs were thrown behind the fire.

The battle continued for some time with equal success : for though the archdeacon was the stronger man, he was so blinded by passion, that he struck all his blows at random ; on the contrary, my uncle, being perfect master of his temper, knew when to act on the offensive, and

when on the defensive. Thus art counterbalanced strength, and victory hovered undetermined over both the combatants. My uncle's strength, however, at length, began to be exhausted, though he still retained his eagerness for the fight; and as he had suffered very severely from the close engagement, he prudently disentangled himself from his more powerful antagonist, and retreated to the further corner of the room. He then laid hold of Bedford's Scripture Chronology, and hurled it at the head of his opponent; but the archdeacon evaded the blow by nimbly stooping his head, and the ponderous folio spent its fury against a closet-door. The bishop's vicar then seized a volume of Gill's Exposition of the Bible, and threw it at his adversary; but the heavy tome missed its aim,

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and striking against the chimney-piece, demolished a Chinese mandarin. Furious at the loss of his porcelain favourite, the doctor grasped in his right hand Jacob's Law Dictionary, and, in his left, Michaelis's Lectures on the New Testament, and, advancing to meet his antagonist, who had armed himself with Kennicot's Hebrew Bible, and Cruden's Concordance, he discharged the Dictionary at the breast of the archdeacon. The vicegerent of the bishop was stunned by the force of the blow, and dropt Kennicot out of his hand: but, recovering himself, he aimed the well-bound Concordance at the chest of my uncle; and, had not the faithful Michaelis warded off the blow, he must have been knocked down by its violence. Michaelis then flew from the hand of the doctor; but, alas! it only

grazed the shoulder of the archdeacon, and, forcing a passage through the window, fell into the court-yard. Tired with their distant warfare, the combatants recommenced their close engagement. The blood now flowed rapidly from my uncle's nose, and two of the archdeacon's front teeth dropt upon the floor. After a short exercise of their fisticuff prowess, they separated, and resumed the war of missile weapons. Folios, quartos, and octavos, flew like hail about the room, and victory seemed dubious to which combatant she must assign the palm. Chance, however, at length interposed, and guiding a heavy quarto at the head of the doctor, smote him to the ground. The archdeacon seeing his adversary fall, advanced to pursue his advantage ; and (so ungovernable was his rage) he probably

bably would have put an end to my uncle's existence, with a huge folio which he brandished in his hand, had I not laid hold of him, and constrained him to desist.

I immediately seized this favourable opportunity of making peace between the two dignitaries of the church, and endeavoured, by all the arguments I could adduce, to convince them of the extreme folly of such a mode of altercation. As both the combatants were unwilling to renew the fight, they agreed with little hesitation to a suspension of hostilities, and after they had washed away the blood from their faces, the archdeacon requested to be supplied with a peruke from my uncle's wardrobe. This condescension paved the way to a perfect reconciliation; and they mutually apologized for the irascibility

rascibility of their dispositions. My uncle then invited the archdeacon to stay dinner, to which the latter readily consented ; and, in the evening, I had the satisfaction of seeing him carried to his coach, in a state of the most amicable inebriety. From this period, these two bitter enemies became most loving friends, and used frequently to spend two or three days at each other's houses. They often laughed at their terrible battle, but never evinced the least inclination to engage in a similar fray.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER IV.

AVARICE was the ruling passion of Dr. Willoughby's heart, and he daily invented new expedients to gratify it. Not content with the revenue his predecessor enjoyed, he sought by the most arbitrary and oppressive means to augment it, and spared neither labour nor pains to accomplish that end. He exacted his tithes with the utmost rigour and severity; and if the proprietor was unable to pay the *modus*, the doctor was sure to take out a warrant of distress against his goods. In that case, the unfortunate victim of levitical tyranny, was either compelled to pay the money, or suffer his goods to remain in Dr. Willoughby's hands.

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It would be impossible to relate the various acts of extortion and cruelty, the avarice of my uncle led him to commit. His heart was insensible to every emotion of pity or compassion, and inexorably steeled against the admission of one solitary sentiment of charity or benevolence. His mind was always employed on some scheme for the augmentation of his wealth; and shortly after his quarrel with the archdeacon, he conceived a design of claiming a tithe both for turnips and potatoes.

A faithful attorney encouraged him to prosecute this claim; and advised him not only to sue to receive the tithe for the future, but also to recover the arrears due since his induction to the rectory. Fired at the prospect of so much advantage, the doctor determined to spare
no

no expence to gain his cause. He consulted the opinions of the most eminent lawyers and civilians on the justice of his claim; and though they were not unanimous in his favour, he was nevertheless encouraged to persevere. Still, however, he did not venture to proceed before he had the permission of his bishop, whose favour he was very desirous of courting; but this was readily obtained; and the right reverend father was pleased to add, that he considered Dr. Willoughby's conduct as highly meritorious, and of infinite service to the church and religion.

Thus powerfully incited and encouraged, my uncle instructed his attorney to demand the tithe and arrears of a reputable farmer, according to the usual legal forms. The farmer, as was expected, peremptorily refused to pay them, and

and declared, he was determined to make the best and utmost defence in his power, against Dr. Willoughby's new and unheard-of claim in the parish of Bridgeland.

The name of this "village Hampden" was Bell. He had formerly been servant to a gentleman of considerable property in the parish, and marrying his house-keeper, the master placed him in one of his farms. In this situation, by his great frugality and industry, he not only brought up a large family in a very reputable manner, but had also saved three or four hundred pounds, to support his wife and himself in their old age, and be a little portion for their children at their decease. In short, he was one of the most flourishing farmers in the whole parish.

Immediately after he had refused to
comply

comply with Dr. Willoughby's demand, he waited on his landlord, informed him of the answer he had returned, and requested his advice, to know how he must proceed? The landlord told him that he must on no account submit to pay the doctor's demand; and also assured the farmer, that he himself would reimburse all his law expences, and even sell the last acre of his estate, before he would suffer a tenant of his to be so grossly imposed upon.

Flattered by these assurances and promises, farmer Bell entered vigorously upon his defence; and, with the noble firmness of manly virtue, determined to resist the inroad of tyranny and oppression. He employed skilful advocates to defend his cause; and though they gave him little hopes of success, he resolved

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to trust the decision of his cause to a jury of his peers. Dr. Willoughby was equally resolute, and determined to spare no expence to bring the contest to a speedy issue. He was well acquainted with the quirks, subterfuges, and intricacies of the law, and dreaded the procrastination they might occasion. But his lawyers and attornies spirited away these fears, and his own insatiable avarice would not permit him to recede after he had advanced so far.

This important cause was first argued in the bishop's court at Durham, and a decree was give in favour of Dr. Willoughby. On this, the defendant appealed to the archbishop's court at York; and there the sentence of the bishop's court was confirmed. Still, however, the farmer resolved not to submit.

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He was still encouraged by the liberal promises of his landlord; and the sentences of the ecclesiastical courts did not intimidate him. The cause was then removed to the court of King's Bench, and there a final verdict, with full costs of suits, was given in my uncle's favour.

It is impossible to describe the joy my uncle felt on this event. He ordered the bells of his church to proclaim it to the parish; and in the evening, his pride so far overcame his avarice, that his house was illuminated, and he regaled his servants, and the underlings of his church, with roast beef and strong ale. Nor did his triumph rest here, for on the Sunday following, he chose his text from the 18th chapter of Numbers, the 21st verse, "And behold, I have given the children of Levi, all the tenth in Israel

Israel for an inheritance, for the service which they serve, even the service of the tabernacle." He descanted largely on the divine institution of tithes, and recapitulated the curses that are denounced against those who withhold the portion of the Levite. During the sermon, he made many allusions to his late contest, and concluded it by returning thanks for the victory he had obtained.

Whilst Dr. Willoughby thus manifested his joy from the pulpit, and profaned the temple of religion with his worldly disputes, consternation and dread were legibly imprinted on the countenances of his parishioners, and they silently deplored the burthen they were unable to alleviate.

Farmer Bell was now destined to experience a severe reverse of fortune. My
uncle,

uncle, exasperated at his obstinacy, and the length and expence of the contest, determined to wreak his utmost vengeance on this unfortunate man. His cattle and implements of husbandry were sold, and himself thrown into prison. The little sum of money he had saved for the winter of life, was spent during the trial, to satisfy the voracious demands of lawyers and attornies: and when, in the extremity of his distress, he applied to his landlord for relief, and reminded him of the promises he had formerly made him, the landlord returned for answer, that he did not recollect having promised any thing; and as he had not signed any written agreement, he was not obliged to perform whatever he (Bell) might call his promises.

Thus were the fair hopes of our village

Aristides

Aristides destroyed : the hard-earned pittance of his youth, was spent to pamper the pests of civilized society, and himself condemned to languish the remainder of his life, amidst the horrors and miseries of a prison. His children, the pride and glory of his declining years, were turned off the farm by their inhuman landlord, and obliged to go to service, whilst their aged mother sought an asylum in the prison with her husband.

The remainder of farmer Bell's history is short. His wife, the faithful companion of his sorrows, caught the gaol-fever, which in a few days terminated her afflictions and life. The fortitude of Bell was not sufficient to bear this last stroke : he became dejected and melancholy, and no longer delighted in the society of his children, who strove by every method in
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their power to cheer and enliven the solitary gloom of his prison. But all the efforts of their filial piety were ineffectual ; his melancholy daily increased, and despair seemed to be too firmly rooted in his heart, ever to be eradicated. Death at length compassionated his sufferings, and put a period to his misery and woe.

Such was the catastrophe of farmer Bell : and thus did Dr. Willoughby, by seeking to gratify his accursed spirit of avarice and revenge, entail distress and misery on a worthy family, and become the eventual murderer of two persons, who, but for his rapacity and cruelty, might have lived many years in happiness and peace.

A few weeks after my uncle's lawsuit was terminated in his favour, and he had pursued the miserable victim of

his avarice to the grave, he engaged in a new dispute with his parishioners. He demanded a tithe of milk. The farmers refused to pay it, and, sensible of the danger that threatened them, they entered into a general association, in hopes, by their united efforts, to be able to defend their property against this new imposition. A phalanx of lawyers and attorneys was employed to combat the merits of this important cause, and every precaution, that despair could prompt or cunning suggest, was taken to ensure success. Fortune however interposed, and ridded the farmers of their formidable antagonist, before the time of the trial. Dr. Willoughby died of an apoplexy; and, when his will came to be read, I found myself entitled only to a legacy of twenty pounds; the remainder of his

property he devised to charitable purposes.

I felt very little affliction for the loss of my uncle, and when I became acquainted with the smallness of his bequest, the portion of grief I experienced was changed into emotions of anger and resentment. I cursed his memory and the hour I had entered his house; and determined to quit the country as soon as I should receive my legacy. My plan was to go to London, and endeavour there to procure a situation similar to that which I held in my uncle's house. The ardour of youth, assisted by my inexperience of the world, inspired me with the most favourable expectations of the success of my project, and dreams of wealth and honour were continually present to my imagination.

When I received my legacy, which was a few days after the funeral of my uncle, I paid a visit to the grave of my father, and watering it with my tears, I vowed to maintain the most solemn obedience to his dying injunctions.—Yes, my beloved father (I inwardly exclaimed, as I prostrated myself on the earth that covered his remains), I will cherish the memory of thy words in my heart; neither prosperity nor adversity shall erase them from my mind; but they shall be the monitors of my life, and the regulators of my actions. After I had performed this tribute of affection to the memory of a beloved parent, I made enquiry after the old servant who is mentioned in the beginning of my history. I found she had set up a school, and with its assistance, and taking in plain-work,

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He contrived to make a very decent maintenance. This information gave me very great satisfaction, and as I had nothing now to detain me in the country, I proceeded to the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and there made a bargain with the master of a collier, for my passage to London.

CHAPTER V.

ON my arrival at London, I was recommended by the master of the collier, as I had no acquaintance of my own, to take up my lodgings at the house of a friend of his, who kept the sign of the Green Dragon, in Virginia-street. As I at that time knew no difference between the east or the west end of the town, between Virginia-street or Picadilly, I readily agreed to take up my abode at the sign of the Green Dragon.

I laboured at this period under an error, very common with most young men in my circumstances—I imagined, I could scarcely be a single day in London, without meeting with a thousand eligible proposals

posals of employment. I was, however, most wofully disappointed ; for, with all the qualifications and accomplishments, which I fondly flattered myself I possessed, I found it **was** possible, and even very probable, that I might starve in the metropolis of Great Britain, in the depôt of all the merchandize of the world—in the greatest commercial city—in the proud, the boasted London.

This important discovery, clouded the bright prospect that ardent fancy had opened to my view. I therefore deemed it most prudent to make a confident of my landlord, as he seemed to be a person of a humane disposition, and whose notions were superior to the generality of men in his line of business. For this purpose, I acquainted him with such particulars of my situation, as were necessary for

him to know, and requested his assistance and advice, to procure me some employment suitable to my education. He answered me, that that would be no very easy matter to accomplish, for he did not doubt, but that there were many thousands in London, in want of employment, whose pretensions were at least equal to my own. He, however, advised me to advertise in the newspapers, which he thought would be the likeliest method to succeed ; and accordingly I published the following advertisement :

“ Wants a place :—A young man, who lived some time with a clergyman, in the capacity of steward, amanuensis and companion. He would be happy to accept, on reasonable terms, a similar situation, and doubts not but his assiduity and attention, would give every satisfaction.

N.B.

N.B. Enquire of H.W. at Timothy Nants, sign of the Green Dragon, Virginia-street."

Three weeks passed away in a state of fruitless expectation. Only one person came to enquire after me, and after viewing me some time with minute attention, he informed me, that I was neither old enough, nor sedate enough, for his purpose. In vain I requested him to examine me in such branches of learning as were requisite for the situation in which he wanted to employ me: but he, with some asperity, declined my request, and put an end to the conference by telling me, that I would never suit him, for he disliked my physiognomy. In this perplexing state of uncertainty and doubt, my finances soon dwindled away to nearly half their original sum. My hopes

decreased in proportion with my money, and I began to dread I should have no other prospect of support left, than to enter either into the army or navy. These were, however, dreadful alternatives, and I determined not to have recourse to them except in the last extremity. My mind revolted against the idea of becoming either a soldier or a sailor: I detested the absurd mechanism of the one, and dreaded the boisterous element of the other.

In this distress, my landlord, who had always used me with great kindness, and professed a sincere desire to serve me, heard of a situation, which he thought, under my present circumstances, it would be most prudent for me to accept. A cousin of his wife's, a pawnbroker, who lived in Ratcliff-highway, was at that time in want of a young man, who understood

derstood book-keeping, and could attend in a shop. Though this situation was not perfectly agreeable to my mind, I was pleased with the intelligence, and requested Mr. Nants to carry me immediately to the pawnbroker's house, that I might learn what were his proposals, and make my application before any other person could hear of the place being vacant.

“ You need not make yourself uneasy on that account,” said Mr. Nants, “ I have already secured the place for you, if you are inclined to accept it. Mr. Lamelly, for that is my cousin's name, will pay you the same wages as his last shopman had, which were ten guineas a year ; and you will also be boarded and lodged in his house. My cousin has promised to call on you in the evening, and as he is rather whimsical, and immensely

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rich withal, I would recommend you to pay him great attention and respect, for his first impressions are generally accounted the best."

I did not fail to return my landlord many thanks for this testimony of his friendship, and promised that my behaviour to his cousin should be conformable to his instructions.

In the evening I was introduced to the pawnbroker, who came according to his promise. He was a thin meagre figure, about four feet eight inches high. His complexion was swarthy and pale, and his nose flat, and almost hid between two high cheek bones, the covering of which bore a strong resemblance to parchment. His lips and chin were so much besmeared with rappee, that his mouth was almost entirely concealed from my observation.

vation. The dress of this gaunt being was as remarkable as his person. His coat and waistcoat seemed as if they had been made in the gay days of Charles the Second; and his breeches, from their bulk and evident hard services, were, in all likelihood, one of the very pairs that came from Holland with the Prince of Orange, at the ever-memorable revolution of 1688. In short, his face would have served without a visor; and his dress, without alterations, to have acted the character of the miser in a masquerade.

When our first salutations were over, Mr. Lamefly, viewing me from head to foot, with an eye of scrutinizing attention, observed, that I did not look as if I was contaminated with any of the vicious and depraved principles, that had debauched the minds and understandings of

of the rising generation, and crowded the gaols of London with atrocious and hardened offenders:

I then told him, I had spent a considerable portion of my life in the house of a clergyman of the church of England; and that I had never had either an inclination or opportunity of associating with men of vicious or depraved principles.

“ It is ten thousand pities,” said the pawnbroker, taking a pinch of snuff, and shrugging up his shoulders, “ that you had not been along with one of Mr. Westley’s brethren. From him you might have learnt to despise the vanities and allurements of this sinful world, and you would have been taught to place your heart and affection on the blessed hopes of a glorious eternity. I myself will, however, take care to conduct you to
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the tabernacle on the sabbath-day: there you will learn true piety and the essence of godliness, and hear devout exhortations, and edifying discourses. To-morrow I intend sending a porter to assist you, with the help of God, to convey your wearing-apparel to my dwelling."

I replied to this harangue of the pawnbroker, by telling him, that I hoped he would never have any cause to alter his good opinion of me; and that I should be ready in the morning to attend upon him. I then left Mr. Lamefly to regale himself over his pint of porter, and pipe of tobacco, and went in quest of my landlord, to whom I communicated the result of the conference I had with his cousin.

"Well!" said my host, "did not I tell you he was rather comical? Stick close to methodism, and you cannot fail to in-
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nuate yourself into his good graces. But a word in your ear: his wife is almost as great an oddity as himself, though not so rigid a methodist. She is a terrible gin-drinker, and at the same time, rather of an amorous complexion; for, between ourselves, I believe the last shopman was turned away on suspicion of being over familiar with his mistress. She may perhaps fall in love with you; I cannot take upon me to answer for her: but I think there is no great danger that you will fall in love with her, for, to my mind, Mrs. Lamesly is a perfect antidote to every sentiment of love or desire."

These insinuations of my landlord, and the little I had seen of Mr. Lamesly, by no means tended to make a favourable impression on my mind, either of the
 pawnbroker's

pawnbroker's or of his wife's character. I reflected, however, that I was not bound for any specified term to this hypocritical pawnbroker, or his drunken wife; I need not, therefore, remain with them any longer than was agreeable to myself, or till I could procure a more eligible situation. Besides, I could be no proper judge of the merits or faults of these people until I was better acquainted with them: they then might not prove so bad as they had been represented. It was also very probable, that the account my landlord gave of their characters might be exaggerated, through caprice, resentment, or some other cause, of which I was ignorant. After balancing these reflections in my own mind, I resolved to accept Mr. Lamefly's offer, and comfort-
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ed myself with the remembrance of the old adage, "*levius fit patientia, quidquid corrigere est nefas*,"—patience is a sovereign elixir for all the unavoidable misfortunes of life.

CHAPTER VI.

IN the morning the porter came, according to Mr. Lamesley's promise, to assist me to carry my clothes to my new habitation. My landlord and I parted with many protestations of friendship on both sides. He again exhorted me to pay every attention and respect to his cousin, and assured me, that he would always be glad to see me at my leisure hours, or do me any service that lay in his power.

I now took possession of my new apartment, which was a garret in the back part of Mr. Lamesley's house. The greater part of this attic chamber was occupied by two large chests, the contents of which I did not know, and a heap of old iron, which

was

was piled up to the roof. The floor seemed as if it had never been washed, since the time it was first laid; and the dim light that proceeded from a window almost entirely covered with cobwebs, exhibited to my view a collection of dirt and filth of the most odious description. My bed was a seaman's cot, or hammock, which was suspended by ropes, from two hooks fixed in one of the beams. The furniture of this miserable bed consisted of an old mattress, two moth-eaten blankets, a greasy pillow, without a case, and a second-hand bedside-carpet instead of a quilt.

When my eyes were fully satisfied with viewing this wretched apartment, and its more miserable furniture, I came down stairs, and was conducted by Mr. Lameely into the presence of his wife. She was a tall

tall robust dame, without a single feature in her face that could command affection or esteem. Her forehead was low and flat, and her eyes, deeply sunk in her head, appeared of a crimson hue. Her nose was profusely studded with carbuncles, and when she opened her mouth, which was of an enormous width, she displayed a frightful set of carious teeth. Her age might be about forty; yet, in her dress and manners, she imitated the romping girl of sixteen, which, together with the disgusting harshness of her appearance, inspired her beholders with a species of contempt nearly bordering on detestation.

“ This,” said Mr. Lamesly, who prided himself highly on his oratorical abilities, and never let slip an opportunity of displaying them, “ is the young man who
 was

was recommended to my service by my cousin Nants. The youth's appearance, I think, promises well ; but you know it is a constant maxim with me, never to place too much dependence on outward show. I myself, to wit, am not a very dapper or superficial man, yet for honesty, sobriety, and uprightness, and a comfortable, nay, I may well venture to say, round sum in the three per cents, besides India bonds, I believe there are very few men in Lombard-street, who can equal Nehemia Lamesley. If you desire to gain my favour, Willoughby, you must always behave respectfully and reverentially to your mistress ; and if you have the good fortune to conciliate her esteem, you will not fail to secure mine."

Here Mr. Lamesley's harangue, and my reply, were interrupted by a young woman

man coming into the shop. She held a child in her arms, and another of about two years of age walked by her side. Advancing towards the counter, behind which the pawnbroker's wife stood, she curtsied, and, presenting a bundle, requested to have two guineas upon its contents.

The bundle was then opened, and found to contain a silk cloak, four India-muslin handkerchiefs, the same number of aprons, and two cotton gowns: the whole as good as new. Mrs. Lamefly, after she had examined them attentively, said :

“ Sure, Ma'am, you must labour under some mighty mistake respecting the value of these things. The shop is already full with trumpery of the same kind : and, indeed, wearing apparel is a commodity I
am

am never desirous to take, because it has not a ready sale, unless we let it go very cheap. I therefore assure you, on my conscience, I could not possibly venture to lend you more than half-a-guinea on all you have got in your bundle."

At this declaration, the young woman burst into tears.

" Good God !" cried she, with much agitation, " cannot you afford to let me have a single guinea on those things, which, I am sure, cost me five times that sum. Then my poor children must starve indeed ! I pray you consider my wretched, helpless babes : their misfortunes and mine have reduced me to the necessity of pawning my clothes, but I hope, in a month at farthest, to be able to redeem them."

" To buy and to sell, to borrow and to
lend,

lend, are different things!" exclaimed Mr. Lamefly.

"Good woman," cried his wife, in a tone of contempt, for her heart was not formed of materials to sympathize at the afflictions of others, "you shall have fifteen shillings for your things; and that, I assure you, is the very last farthing I can afford to give; so you may either take it, or go try if you can succeed better elsewhere, which, I believe, you will not find to be the case."

After some hesitation, the young woman, at length, agreed to this bargain; and I was instructed by the pawnbroker how to make out a duplicate. The appearance and modest behaviour of this young woman, interested me greatly in her favour. I had never before seen a countenance, on which real anguish and

distress were so visibly depicted. The pale tint which grief had spread over her face, added a melancholy charm to her beauteous features, and displayed the lily-fairness of her complexion. Her person was graceful and elegant, such as could derive no advantage from the embellishments of dress. As I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the history of this amiable female, a few days after I first saw her, I will, for the satisfaction of my readers, relate it in her own words.—

“ I was the daughter of a reputable farmer in one of the western counties of England; and, being an only child, I received an education superior to the generality of women in my condition of life. Neither pains nor expence were spared, to render me mistress of every female accomplishment.

complishment. I was my father's pride and delight ; and he frequently boasted that his daughter was a fit match for the first lord in the land. These were happy days ! too soon gone ; and, alas ! never to be recalled ! How sad, how dismal, is the remembrance of past happiness, when contrasted with present misery !

“ My father died when I was eighteen, and left five hundred pounds between my mother and I.—From this fatal period I date all my misfortunes. As my mother and I were unable to manage the business of the farm, we gave it up, and sold the stock, which increased our property to near seven hundred pounds. We then took a small cottage, and determined to live on the interest of our money, secluded, as we thought, from the treachery and villany of the world.

“ In this humble and retired situation we became acquainted with a man who kept a shop in the neighbouring village. In a short time the acquaintance ripened into a friendship, and we considered Mr. Pots as the best and worthiest soul on the face of the earth. It would be fatiguing to relate all the circumstances that induced us to put confidence in this wretch; let it suffice to say, he was a constant church-goer, took the sacrament at the stated times, and liberally dispensed his half-pence to the poor. With splendid qualifications like these, it need not be wondered at, that he gained our confidence and esteem, and prepared us to swallow, without hesitation, the bait he was making ready for us.

“ After we had been acquainted about ten months, Mr. Potts called one morning

ing on my mother, and told her that he had purchased a large farm about eight miles distance from the place where we lived, and paid six hundred pounds on making the bargain. He also told her, that he was to pay nine hundred more on taking possession of the farm, which he was to do in six weeks ; and added, that he wanted seven hundred pounds against that time, and as he could afford, both to give a premium, and five per cent. interest for the money, he would prefer borrowing it of my mother before any other person.

“ My mother was delighted at this new act of his friendship (as she called it), and without making any enquiries into the reality of Mr. Potts’s pretensions, she drew her money out of the security in which it was vested, and placed it in

his hands. Immediately after Mr. Potts received the seven hundred pounds, he left the country; and, as I have been since informed, took shipping for South America. My mother survived the loss of her fortune only a very few weeks. After her death, I attempted in vain to get into service near the place where I was born. The farmers said I was too fine a lady to work, and the gentlemen told me they would never employ a servant who had been as well educated as their daughters.

“ Thus insulted and rejected, I found I need not expect to procure employment among my acquaintance. I then went to Portsmouth; where, as I was happily unknown, I soon succeeded in getting a place. As I remained only a short time in service, I shall not relate
he

the many disagreeable incidents that happened to me in that humiliating station; but pass on to the time when I became a wife.

“ My Husband, who is a sailor, carried me to London shortly after I was married. Here I remained for some time, contented and happy; and in these, my children, seemed to have forgot all my former troubles and misfortunes: till about six months ago, my husband sailed for the West Indies, and left me a monthly note for three guineas, payable at the merchant's office; to whom the ship belonged. This note is the cause of my present distress. It happened unfortunately for me, that on the day when my money became due, I left the note upon a table within reach of my little boy; and he, poor child,

child, ignorant of its value, put it into the fire.

“As I recollected the merchant’s direction, I waited upon him, in hopes that I might be able to convince him of the truth of my story, and receive my money as well without as with the note. But here my expectations were disappointed. The gentleman belonging to the office, laughed at the story of my note, which, he said, was a very plausible one, but should not deceive him; he therefore advised me, if I did not wish to take up my abode in Newgate, to go immediately about my business.

“In this dilemma, as I could not apply to the law for redress, without spending the few guineas my husband had left me, I determined to endure my misfortune
with

with patience, and endeavour, by my own frugality and industry, to make my little stock go as far as possible. With this view, I removed my furniture into a cheaper apartment, and took in plain-work. Fortune for some time smiled on my endeavours, and by the friendship of a kind old woman, who lives in the same house with me, I was almost enabled to preserve my little stock entire, till my children caught the small-pox. I was then unable to work, my whole time being occupied with attending upon my poor babes. My money was soon spent, to procure the medicines and nourishment necessary for them during their sickness; and when they recovered, I found myself too weak to work, too proud to beg, and too fond of life to starve.—You know the sequel.”

Such was the tale this amiable woman

related of her own sufferings. I, at that time, knew little of the history which is called—the way of the world. I thought it improbable that a merchant could be guilty of a base or ungenerous action to any one, much less to the wife of him by whose toil his merchandize is acquired. But experience has since taught me, that the high character of the merchant is so rapidly on the decline, that in a few years, the profession of a merchant, will become as proverbial for meanness and duplicity, as a taylor is at the present day for cowardice, or a bailiff for want of humanity.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER VII.

IT would be an herculean task to relate the business of all who came into our shop only for a single day. Our customers were of all descriptions ; from the forlorn outcast of society, the victim of vice and disease, who parts with the last remaining article of her household furniture to supply her daily potations of gin, to the spruce well-dressed clerk, who pawns his watch, that he may attend the weekly club, or visit Vauxhall, or the theatres. At our shop vice procured the temporary means of supplying its gratifications, and folly accelerated its own ruin.

One day, after I had been about two months in the pawnbroker's service, and

gained a very considerable insight into the business, a stout young man came into the shop, and producing a fashionable silver watch, demanded to have three guineas upon it.

His dress and appearance bespoke him a clergyman, but his manners and discourse soon convinced me, that he belonged to another fraternity; for laying aside the cant he assumed when he first entered the shop, he proceeded to inform the pawnbroker's wife of a variety of adventures he had been engaged in with an old acquaintance of her's, whom he called Tom Colley.

"I should be very happy," cried Mrs. Lamely, when the pseudo clergyman had done speaking, "to serve any of Mr. Colley's friends; but on my conscience, my dear Sir, you ask so very exorbitant a price

price for your watch, that I dare not even venture to look at it. Times have been very hard of late, and it requires a great deal of money to keep the justice's people in good humour. I assure you, we have had great out-goings, and devilish small incomings. But, howsomever, as you were recommended to our shop by a particular friend, and we may expect to have your custom for the future, you shall have two guineas on the watch, and then I am sure, after the expence of the necessary alterations, we shall scarcely be able to make our own money of it."

"Well, mistress," rejoined the pick-pocket, "I am content. Let me have the two yellow-boys; and should I have any thing in your way, you may depend I shall not go past your shop-door."

Then, telling me not to make out a duplicate,

duplicate, and wishing Mrs. Lamessly a good morning, he went out of the shop.

The pseudo clergyman had not been gone above three quarters of an hour, before his friend Colley entered the shop. He was a tall, well-made young man: his carriage was easy and polite, and his manners fashionable and genteel. After the usual ceremonies of enquiry were over, Mrs. Lamessly accosted him thus :

“ What has become of you, my pretty rogue? It is an age since we had the pleasure of seeing you. We really thought you had left town, and were gone to reside in the country. Indeed my husband was foolish enough to suppose you had been locked up. Now pray tell me, in God’s name, what has kept you so long away from us?”

“ Why,

"Why, my dear woman, you must know I have been at Epfom races, and engaged in fuch a variety of other bufinefs, that for thefe fix weeks paft I have not had a fingle moment's time to fpare; or, upon my foul, I fhould certainly have been down to fee you."

"But what fuccefs have you had of late?" interrupted Mrs. Lamefly. "How has fortune ufed you?"

"Oh, my dear creature," rejoined the thief, "fortune has bilked me moft curfedly of late. I have had nothing but a moft confounded run of ill luck! I have not plucked the wings of a fingle pigeon fince I faw you! Damn hazard and pharo, I fay: the flats are all turned rooks now-a-days, and a knight of the garter can cheat with as much dexterity and adroitness, as the knowingeft black-leg among

us.

us. One right honourable gentleman gulled me to the tune of three hundred pounds, and another noble lord to the tune of one hundred and fifty. I, however, nimm'd a few articles from them, which, I am of opinion, will suit very well to send out by the next India fleet."

He then produced four diamond rings; two gold watches, with chains of the same metal; a gold snuff-box; three silver watches, and several small articles of a similar description.

This was a matter of too great importance, to be transacted in Mr. Lamesly's absence: Mr. Colley was therefore invited to stay dinner, and as I was not permitted to dine with the pawnbroker and his wife, I did not hear how the bargain was concluded.

Such,

Such, with very little variation, were Mr. Lamessly's customers: and my employment was to attend upon them, to keep the shop in order, and shut it up every night at nine o'clock. On the Sunday mornings, I went constantly to the tabernacle in Moorfields, with Mr. Lamessly. This was a duty he would never permit me to dispense with: but on the Sunday afternoons, or when the shop was shut up, I had liberty to go where I pleased, provided I returned home before ten o'clock, which was the time Mr. Lamessly usually retired to rest.

Amidst the immense multitude that London contains, I formed no friendship, scarce any acquaintance. I had no relish for the vices and pleasures of my equals, and hated and detested their ignorance and brutality. While, on the other hand,

those

those with whom I would have wished to have associated, in their turn, rejected and despised the poverty or meanness of a pawnbroker's boy.

Whilst I was thus debarred by inclination and necessity from having any commerce with the living, I diligently employed my leisure hours in cultivating and increasing my acquaintance with the dead. My favourite classics supplied me with the means of cheering and enlivening many a vacant hour, which would otherwise have hung heavy on my hands. My library consisted of a Horace that wanted the *Artē Poeticā*, and a Virgil without the *Georgics*; Terence's Comedies, complete; and an odd volume of Tully's Works, which contained his Offices, and his beautiful Treatise on Friendship. I also possessed a fragment of Longinus, and Thucydides's.

cydides's Funeral Orations. The only English books I had in my collection were, an odd volume of Shakspeare's plays, and Pope's Essay upon Man. I purchased my books at a cheap rate, of a man who kept a book-stall on Tower Hill, and the greatest expence that attended the prosecution of my studies were the candles, which I was obliged to furnish at my own cost.

One night Mr. Lamesly happened to be up later than his usual time of retiring to rest; and perceiving a light in my garret, he came softly up stairs, snatched my book out of my hand, before I was even aware of his approach, and angrily demanded what profane history I was reading?

"It is Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice," answered I.

"Shakspeare's

“ Shakspeare’s disciple of the Devil, you should rather say !” exclaimed the pawnbroker ;” “ and your candle, I presume, is Shakspeare’s also ?”

“ No ! I bought the candle with my own money.”

“ Then did Mr. Shakspeare give you permission to sit up burning a light in my house at this time of night ? He must be a very odd sort of a gentleman if he took that liberty.”

He then turned over a few pages of the book, and casting his eye on the Merry Wives of Windsor, he exclaimed :

“ Heyday ! What’s here ? I suppose this fellow, Shakspeare, wrote Moll Flanders, and other merry histories, though I cannot say I ever remember to have heard the gentleman’s name. But this I know, not one of his profane histories

tories shall defile my house ; so if you have any more of them, I expect you will immediately deliver them up to me, that I may commit them forthwith to the flames : and would to God that I had the disposal of all the copies that remain in the world !”

I assured him that I had no more of Shakspeare’s works than what he held in his hand, and was proceeding to defend the reputation of our immortal bard, when the pawnbroker interrupted me by saying :

“ I will hear nothing you can allege ; so you may as well hold your tongue. Your candle I will take down stairs, for it is not proper you should have one in your apartment at this time of night ; and as for Shakspeare’s Merchant of Venice, and Merry Wives of Windsor, they

they will serve me to light my pipe with, and that I think is their fittest purpose."

He then retreated down stairs, and left me to ruminate on the loss of my beloved Shakspeare. I cursed the barbarous ignorance and bigotry of the pawnbroker, and blessed myself that I had received an education, which enabled me to taste the pure and unadulterated delights which literature affords. I envied not the miser his gold, nor the noble his extensive domains.—“ Give me,” said I, adopting the prayer of Agur, “ neither riches nor poverty; feed me with food convenient for me; and when the labour of the day is over, when I have earned the pittance necessary for existence, let me be permitted to eke from the hours that are allotted to rest, a portion of time which I may dedicate

dedicate to the recreation and improvement of my mind."

The morning after this adventure took place, Mr. Lamesly called me into the parlour, and read me a long lecture on the wickedness of perusing play-books, which, he affirmed, were written by the inspiration of the Devil, as were all novels and romances, consequently they were the Devil's books, and the readers of them were the Devil's children. I did not attempt to confute this ridiculous doctrine, because I was well aware that argument would have very little influence on a mind that was warped by ignorance, superstition, and an utter aversion to every species of enjoyment which he himself could not participate in. I therefore patiently suffered the pawnbroker to exhaust his invectives: and I had reason to congratulate

congratulate myself on my silence, for he attributed it to penitence and contrition, and dismissed me with a slight reprimand; telling me, he hoped he should never discover me with a play-book in my hand again, and charging me not to burn a candle in my garret after ten o'clock.

From this time I was obliged to prosecute my studies by stealth; and for fear of another interruption, I bought a bottle of phosphorus and some matches, by which means I could procure a light at any time of the night, without making the smallest noise. I also took the precaution always to hang one of my blankets over the door, to prevent the light of my candle shining through any of the crannies. Thus I effectually eluded detection, and was enabled to prosecute my usual studies.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER VIII.

I HAD now been about six months in the pawnbroker's service, and understood the business well enough to be trusted in the shop by myself: and as Mr. Lamely's concerns frequently called him abroad, and his wife grew daily fonder of her bottle, almost the whole management of it depended on me. I found the pawnbroker's chief profit consisted in receiving stolen goods, which were afterwards disposed of, at an under value, to captains of ships, going to the East or West Indies. The captains, who were engaged in this lucrative trade, were well acquainted how he procured the property which he sold at so cheap a rate; but, as their gains were immense, and their no-

tions of moral rectitude not very severe, they felt few or no scruples at the continuance of this nefarious traffic. The difficulty of detection was also a strong incentive to their avarice; for, whenever we sent any goods on shipboard, we packed them up in small boxes, which we marked ship-stores, cabin-stores, candles, or with the name of any other article that is useful at sea. By this means they always escaped being examined by the custom-house officers.

About this time, an accident happened, which plunged Mr. Lamesly into the deepest distress, and occasioned a total revolution in his affairs. His friend Colley, who was taken up soon after I saw him, had been tried, and sentenced for death at the Old Bailey: but being promised a pardon, on condition of discover-

ing

ing his accomplices, and the receiver of the stolen goods; he confessed that my master was the receiver. In consequence of this information, a detachment of police officers came from Bow-street, to search Mr. Lamefly's premises ; and finding the identical goods, they apprehended him, and carried him before a magistrate, by whom he was committed to Newgate, to take his trial at the ensuing sessions.

After Mr. Lamefly's imprisonment, the business was still carried on as usual, except that he gave positive orders, that we were not to accept any pledges of considerable value, nor sell any without his permission. I went regularly three times a week to visit him in Newgate, and receive his orders. At first I found him excessively agitated and dispirited at the

horrors of a prison; but in a short time his despondency wore off, and was succeeded by a firm reliance that he would be acquitted on his trial. The foundation on which he built his hopes of an acquittal was, that four of the tabernacle ministers undertook to swear he was out of town at the time when he was supposed to have received the stolen goods. For this important service, these worthy personages were to be paid a gratuity of twenty pounds each before the trial, and thirty pounds more apiece when it was over.

My situation, which had long been very disagreeable, was now rendered intolerable by the absence of Mr. Lamesly; for besides the drudgery of the shop, which now devolved wholly on myself, I had to bear the whims and caprices of
my

my mistress, whose conduct, unrestrained by the presence and authority of her husband, now broke out into the most violent excesses. She was seldom sober from morning till night, and her passions were so inflamed by liquor, that she often set decency at defiance.

It is necessary, in this place, to give my readers some account of my own person. I was at this time about nineteen. My height did not exceed the middle stature ; but my limbs were stout, well-proportioned, and robust : I also possessed, in an eminent degree, that species of beauty which unimpaired health never fails to imprint upon the complexion.

These personal qualifications made a deep impression on the mind of Mrs. Lamesly ; and she frequently commended

the fairness of my complexion, or praised the symmetry of my leg. After the imprisonment of her husband, her compliments were changed into caresses, and her praises into protestations of love. She even proceeded so far as to hint that a gratification of her amorous inclinations would not be unacceptable. For some time I pretended not to understand her hints, and behaved with the utmost coolness and reserve; till at length she became so very explicit, that I could no longer feign ignorance. I then told her, in order to rid myself of her disagreeable solicitations, that I should certainly make her husband acquainted with her conduct, if she did not immediately desist from her shameless importunity.

For several days my menaces had a good effect, and Mrs. Lamesly not only behaved

behaved to me with the utmost decency and decorum, but also abstained from her usual potations of Geneva. I began to hope I had affected a thorough reformation in her: but, alas! this calm was only the forerunner of a storm, more terrible in its consequences than any I had yet experienced.

One evening after the shop was shut up, Mrs. Lamefly called me into her bed-chamber, on pretence of removing a chest, and offering me a glass of neat Hollands, which I refused, she took hold of my hand, and, with a significant leer, broke out into the following exclamation:

“ By the living God! I am not sorry my husband is in gaol, nor do I care how long he stays there, since you are in every respect so capable of supplying his place;

and, on my conscience, in some things I believe you would do much better."

I hastily withdrew my hand from her's; and, with a look of indignation, told her, I understood her meaning, but if she forgot her duty, I should not forget mine.

"Duty! duty!" reiterated the frail female, "who ever thinks of duty but hypocrites or fools? So you pretend to be as sanctified and starch as if butter would not melt in your mouth. You were taught those canting maxims by old nabs, forsooth. Ha! ha! No! no! They won't do with me; so pass them over, forget them, and I will teach you better things. Let you and me enjoy ourselves while we can. Life is but short you know; and it is our care to make it sweet. As long as old nabs re-
mains

mains under lock and key, I will make you as happy as ——”

At these words, she threw her arms about my neck, and uttered a great many expressions too gross for the delicacy of my history. The more I remonstrated, the more vehement she grew: till at length, exasperated at her behaviour, I forcibly extricated myself from her nauseous embraces, and declared that, in the morning, I would acquaint Mr. Lamesly with her conduct.

At this declaration, she grew frantic with rage and disappointment, and, finding all her efforts were vain, she swore, by the living God, she would be revenged.

“ Yes, cruel monster !” cried she, foaming with anger, “ you shall reap the full effects of your barbarity ! they shall fall

on your accursed head with sevenfold vengeance, and I will neither pity nor relent.—Base, ungenerous boy, to slight my proffered affection.—Brute, hard-hearted devil, rather let me call you. But no matter: I have got misery in store for you: I could tear you limb from limb, and feast upon your carcase. But that would be mercy to you, and for you I have got no mercy in store. No, wretch! your torments shall be lingering, and your agonies protracted!”

She could proceed no farther: passion choaked her utterance, and she wildly threw herself upon the floor. I attempted to raise her up, but she commanded me to desist, and again renewed her torrent of imprecations.

I answered her in a tone of indignation, that I feared her malice less than I did

her

her affection; and, without waiting to hear her reply, I retired to my garret, to meditate on my unpleasant situation.

To remain any longer in the house, exposed either to the hatred or affection of an abandoned woman, appeared dreadful and intolerable. Though I considered her threats, in a great measure, only as the ravings of passion and disappointment, yet I shuddered at the recollection of their horror, and dreaded to think, what, in the moment of madness and desperation, she might be led to commit. Did she intend to murder me? No; she said my torments should be lingering, and my agonies protracted. That did not seem to imply any sudden violence, nor could I assign to it any meaning that appeared in the least probable. What could she do to me that would produce

the terrible effects she had mentioned? I had offended against no laws; I had been guilty of no crime. Her husband would protect me, and vindicate my innocence: but should he refuse, the laws of my country would defend me, and secure me from her violence. Besides, was I not able to protect myself? What had I to fear from a weak, unassisted woman? I could leave her house on the morrow, and then her schemes of vengeance would be disappointed.

Sleep had scarcely interrupted these reflections, and soothed the sorrows of my mind, when I was alarmed by the appearance of half a-dozen men armed with cutlasses, who broke into my apartment, and ordered me instantly to dress myself, and pack up my apparel, for I must go with them. I presently perceived that

that these gentlemen, who paid me so unseasonable a visit, belonged to a pres-gang: I therefore informed them that they had no business with me, as I had never used the sea.

“None of your damned palaver!” said the lieutenant who commanded the party, “I could swear you have been as long at sea as I have, if it was only for the natural way in which you turn out of your hammock.”

In vain I endeavoured to explain to him, that the circumstance of my sleeping in a hammock, was owing to necessity, not choice: but the only consolation I could get from him was, that if I could prove I had never been at sea, I would be discharged when I came before the regulating-captain. This information gave me some satisfaction, and enabled me to
bear,

bear, with a tolerable share of fortitude, my accursed lot on board the tender, whither I was carried the same night.

As soon as I got on board the tender, I was ordered down into the hold, where upwards of an hundred wretches were confined, in order to be conveyed on board the different men-of-war, that were in want of hands. It is impossible for me to describe the horrid sensations I experienced on entering this infernal abode. Poets have long ransacked their stores of invention to paint the condition and sufferings of the damned; yet, I am of opinion, had they ever visited an English tender's hold, their descriptions would have been more terrific, more truly diabolical.

When I got into the hold, I was roughly seized by the collar, and dragged before

fore a noisy tar, who was denominated by his comrades the King of the Hold*. His mock majesty was seated on an empty beer-cask, instead of a throne, and when I approached him, he stretched out his hand to welcome me to his kingdom. He then demanded his accustomed tribute of one shilling; which, he said, was paid by every person who entered his dominions. In conformity to this regulation, I paid one shilling to his majesty, who immediately dispatched one of his courtiers to purchase gin with it. This attendant on mimic royalty, soon returned with a black tin pot full of the beverage of the juniper-berry. His majesty drank first, then presented the goblet to

* The person who is first impressed, is always entitled King of the Hold, and retains that august title as long as he continues in the tender.

me,

me, and afterwards to the circle of his courtiers, who all endeavoured to drown their melancholy reflections by constant inebriety.

It was not, however, in the power of liquor to stifle the bitter reflections of my mind; nor was I inclined to try the intoxicating remedy.—The vengeance of my persecutress was now complete, and her terrible threats were realised. I was the victim of her malice; and she doubtless congratulated herself on the method she had taken, to secure my person, and prevent her husband becoming acquainted with her conduct.

My despair was augmented by the miserable group that surrounded me, and not a single ray of comfort or hope shed its influence to cheer or support me under my affliction. The very air I breathed

was

was impregnated with every disagreeable vapour that could sicken the stomach, or disgust the smell; and if I attempted to remove from the situation where I stood, my progress was impeded by the bodies of unhappy wretches, who, in the last stage of intoxication, lay wallowing on the deck, amidst their own ejections.

The noxious effluvia of the place, together with the agitation of my spirits, caused a dizziness in my head; and, unable any longer to stand, I sat down upon the deck and fainted. I know not how long I continued in this situation; but when I recovered, the day-light that shone through the gratings of the hatchways, informed me I had at least enjoyed a respite of three hours from the misery of thought.

The scanty portion of day-light, which
was

was permitted to visit the tender's hold, enabled me to move from my uncomfortable situation, without treading on the sleepers, who surrounded, and I directed my steps to the ladder which led to the upper-deck. As I ascended the ladder, I heard my name repeated by a voice that seemed familiar to my ear, and, turning round, I instantly recognized an old friend and fellow-villager, Mark Monthermer. We were nearly of an age; and at that season of life, when nature teaches her tender offspring at once to follow the pursuit of amusement and health, we were constant companions. But after the death of my father, when I removed to my uncle's, our intercourse was broken off, and the magnitude of my other afflictions, caused me to forget the loss of the friend of my youth.

After the first salutations of friendship
and

inquiry were over, Monthermer requested to be informed of the circumstances that had befallen me since our separation, particularly the cause of my being on board the tender. I informed him of the most remarkable events that had happened to me since the death of Dr. Willoughby; and mentioned my quarrel with the pawnbroker's wife, as the cause, that, in my opinion, had produced my present misfortune.

Monthermer sympathized with me in my misfortunes, which, in some respects, bore a similarity to his own. He told me, that he left our native village soon after I did, and was bound apprentice, much against his own inclination, to a vessel in the coal-trade: that he had served the time of his apprenticeship out, and been for some months protected-mate of the vessel.

fel. But the captain and he quarelling a few days ago, respecting some orders which the captain accused him of neglecting, a press-gang was sent for, and Monthermer was carried on board the tender. The collier sailed the day after he was impressed, and as he had no opportunity of getting either his clothes or wages, he was, if possible, in a worse plight than myself. I had three guineas and some odd silver remaining from the money I brought with me to London, and I offered Monthermer the half of it. This he, however, strenuously refused to accept, and it was with much difficulty that I could prevail on him to receive the loan of a single guinea.

CHAPTER IX.

THE society of Monthermer was a source of infinite consolation to me; and, amused by his entertaining conversation, I forgot the misery of my situation, until the mustering-time forcibly recalled it to my mind. I was then ordered into the great cabin before the regulating captain, who was seated on an armed chair, at the upper end of a table, and attended by near half-a-dozen of his myrmidons. The first question he asked me was, how many years I had been at sea?

I replied, that I never was at sea, but once, coming from Newcastle to London.

“Come! come! shipmate, none of your damned lies. To prevaricate will
do

do you no manner of service. We have a very strong information against you, so it would be much better for you at once to acknowledge yourself an able seaman. It is to no purpose for you to deny it; and you had as well take his Majesty's most gracious bounty as not."

He then demanded my name and age, and what ship I would like to enter for?

To the former of these interrogatories, I returned proper answers; but as for entering for any ship, I said I did not intend to do it, as I was not a seaman.

"Damn your eyes!" vociferated a squat figure in a tarnished lieutenant's uniform, "do you think to get to windward of us with your damned Canterbury stories? Don't think to pass for a landsman, because you happen to wear a landsman's coat! Such manœuvres won't

do

do here I assure you. Besides, were you not caught sleeping in a hammock, you rascal? and is not that sufficient evidence of your profession? You deserve, you scoundrel, to be tarred and feathered for denying it, and, if I had my will, you should be keel-hauled instantly, which would be serving you according to your merits. I would recommend you to consider things. You had better own yourself a sailor, and take his Majesty's bounty at once; for bounty or no bounty, dam' me you must go to sea and serve your king."

As I still persisted in my former resolution not to enter for any ship, I was not permitted to make any reply to this eloquent harangue, being ordered immediately to return to the hold, to make way for a number of unhappy beings who were about to undergo a similar examination.

amination. I found my friend Monthermer, anxiously waiting to hear the decision of my fate, and when I informed him of what had passed, he said: .

“ Aye ! aye ! I was afraid it would prove so. Except a person has money to buy his clearance, he is almost sure to be detained. Though you could make it as clear as the noon-day that you had never been at sea, still it would be of no avail, unless you had money to assist you. But do not let us lose our courage : as we cannot alter our circumstances, we must submit to them. Fortune has used us ill, but, perhaps, her future favours may atone for her present frowns ; and a long sunshine of prosperity may dry the sluices of adversity, by which we are at present overflown. Let us but only set our feet upon the land again,
and

and we will then shew them a pair of light heels for all their scurvy tricks."

I was too much absorbed in melancholy reflections, to make any reply to my friend's consolatory speech: but as my stomach began to feel a painful vacuum, I desired to know if our masters did not supply us with victuals? To this question, Monthermer answered in the affirmative, and ascending to the upper-deck, he returned with a wooden bowl full of a species of hasty-pudding, which he termed burgoo.

My stomach sickened at the taste of this disagreeable mixture, as there were no ingredients to render it palatable. But Monthermer, perceiving the cause of my distress, procured me some rum and sugar, with the assistance of which, I contrived to swallow the burgoo, and satisfy the cravings of my stomach. A

short time after I had finished my breakfast, I was called upon deck by an old woman, whom I had occasionally seen at the pawnbroker's house. She brought me a letter from Mrs. Lamesly. The following is a literal copy of it :

“ WILLOBY,

“ After what is past betwixt you and me, it may perhaps appeere surprisen and od to you, that a woman like me shud take the trobel to write to such an ingratfull villin as no dout you be. But this comes by Debora Webster to let you know, that i will excuse and pardin what is past and dun, and moreover git you clere from the tendur, if you will promis for the futur to behave with more kinis, and riterne the love and afection of yours, if you think fit, to command til dith.”

HANNAH LAMESLY.”

I told

I told the old woman to inform Mrs. Lamefly, that my resolution still remained unaltered, and if she sent any more letters I should not open them; but I would take care to transmit the one I had already received to her husband, who, I had no doubt, would procure my enlargement, and punish her misconduct.

Monthermer highly approved the step I had taken, and declared, he would sooner spend his whole life-time on board a man-of-war, than submit to be the slave of a drunken woman's pleasure. He also advised me, as I had no immediate prospect of freedom, to sell my coat and waistcoat (which would be of no service if I was detained, but infallibly subject me to the jeers of the sailors), and buy a jacket and trousers in their stead.

To this proposal I readily agreed, as

the sailors had already begun to exercise their sea wit on those parts of my dress; and I requested Monthermer to inform me how I could dispose of them in my present situation? He answered me, it could easily be done, as there were a number of Jews on board, who both bought and sold clothes.

We accordingly went on deck, and soon found one of the descendants of Abraham, who was to be the merchant on the occasion. After the Israelite had examined the coat with minute attention, he protested he could not afford to give more than four shillings for it, though I was certain I might have sold it for half-a-guinea at any other place. I refused for some time to agree to the Jew's offer, but, as I despaired of finding another purchaser who would give me a
better

better price, and my merchant proffering to advance three shillings more for the coat and waistcoat together, I was at length induced to conclude the bargain. I then bought a jacket and trousers, and for the first time equipped myself in sailor's apparel.

My new dress secured me from the insults of my fellow-captives, and I had leisure to reflect on various schemes which I thought might procure my enlargement. For this purpose, I prevailed on one of the press-gang, for the consideration of half-a-guinea, to undertake to carry a letter to Mr. Lamesly. I waited anxiously for three days in expectation of an answer, but on questioning the person to whom I entrusted my letter, I found he had either neglected or forgot to deliver it; and when I ex-

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pressed some resentment at his conduct after being so well paid, he declared he would not carry it now, unless I would give him another half-guinea. On my refusal to accede to this new demand, he swore, he would carry the letter to the commanding officer, who would most assuredly cause me to be punished for writing it.

"I have no fears on that head," answered I; "for should the commanding officer punish me for writing a letter, what would he do to you for receiving a bribe?"

The abruptness of this question staggered my faithful emissary; and, after some hesitation, he said :

"Well, my lad, I see you are no green-horn, and as that is the case, you may depend upon it I will be your friend, not
only

only to carry your letter this evening, but also to put the person it is for in a way to get you clear in the morning. I know the method of these things better than you or he can do, so you may safely rely on me."

I was so delighted with this last promise, that, forgetting his former neglect and threats, I gave him five shillings, and assured him of another present of the like sum, whenever he should bring me an answer to my letter.

Overjoyed at the result of my conference, I hastened to acquaint my friend Monthermer how I had acted: but, instead of congratulating me on my sagacity, as I expected he would have done, he censured me exceedingly for taking such a measure without first asking his advice.

"Your agent," said he, "will no more carry your letter than I shall. It is a very common practice I assure you, both for officers and men to take bribes, and then laugh at those they have deceived. They promise you fair at first, and tell you many plausible stories; but when they find you have no longer any money to satisfy their extortions, they throw away the mask, and in plain terms tell you, they can neither perform their promises, nor refund the money they have received. Should the injured party complain to the regulating-captain, it would be of no avail, for they all have a fellow-feeling for each other, and connive at each other's depredations. They are strangers to justice, fidelity, or honour, and capable of every crime that can disgrace the name or character of man.

"M y

“My description is not exaggerated: I only speak the language of truth.—I was acquainted with a young man, about your own age, who was impressed in Wapping, and swindled out of a considerable sum of money by a gang of these rascals. When he found himself in their custody, he gave the lieutenant of the gang five guineas to let him have his liberty; but, when the bargain was concluded, and the money paid, the midshipman told him, he should not be suffered to depart without paying him an acknowledgment. On this, he gave two guineas to the midshipman; but his expenditure did not stop here, for the men also demanded a fee, and refused to let him go unless he paid it. To them he gave the remainder of his money; and that not proving sufficient to satisfy their voracious

demands, he parted with his watch also. He now expected to be released, but, to his utter astonishment, the lieutenant again stepped up to him, and told him, that it was an usual custom on such occasions, for the lieutenant to have two-thirds more than the midshipman, and therefore if he did not think proper to augment his fee to that proportion, he would not let him go. The poor fellow protested that he had not a single guinea remaining in the world, and pleaded ignorance of the custom to which the lieutenant alluded. The worthy officer however told him, that his ignorance was no excuse; and then commanded the gang to take him on board the tender. When the young man came before the regulating captain, he made his complaint, and demanded a restitution of his property. But
the

the only consolation he received from the honest superintendent, was, ' pshaw ! a fool and his money are soon parted.'

" Thus, my friend, you may form a very clear idea, whether your letter will ever reach Mr. Lamesly or no. As long as you have money, you may depend the rascal will flatter your hopes and expectations, but when your money is spent, he will turn honest, and laugh at your credulity and folly. Had you the inexhaustible purse of Fortunatus, its never-failing store would scarcely be able to satisfy the rapacious avarice of your agent. You deceive yourself, when you imagine he will be influenced to serve you, on account of any rewards that are in your power to bestow upon him. Take my advice : desist from your fruitless and expensive attempts to procure your freedom,

dom, and endeavour to fortify your mind against the many other evils, which, I am afraid, we both shall have to endure."

The story Monthermer told, the advice he gave, and my own melancholy forebodings, conspired to raise such a tumult in my mind, as to deprive me of sense, motion, or utterance. In this situation I continued, till a seasonable flood of tears coming to my relief, restored me to my senses and misery.

When I recovered, Monthermer endeavoured, by every friendly artifice in his power, to dissipate my grief, and enable me to bear the weight of my afflictions.

"Consider, my friend," said he, "how weak and womanish it is to yield to the pressure of a temporary misfortune. Your situation demands exertion, and yet you
would

would sink without a struggle; you would fall without a single effort to resist the burden of your present calamity. Can you, by any arguments of religion, of philosophy, or of morality, justify, or even palliate, so cowardly and pusillanimous a conduct? I know of none. Religion uniformly exhibits the great and excellent character, as enduring with manly fortitude and virtuous resignation, the crosses, vexations, and disappointments of life: and philosophy, the balm and solace of our existence, offers so many remedies for the alleviation of adversity, that some amongst the many may certainly be applicable to your case. The illustrious heroes of all ages, have appeared to the greatest advantage, when, oppressed by misfortune, they rose superior to fortune herself;

herself; and poets, in all ages, have delighted to describe

‘ A brave man, struggling in the storms of fate.’

POPE.

What can I add? Religion and philosophy, history and poetry, are unanimous in applauding the virtue of fortitude in adversity. Let us, then, act according to the precepts of such venerable monitors, and pursue the advice which the Cumean sibyl gave the Dardan hero, when he consulted her oracle,

• *Tu ne cede malis! sed contra audentior ito,*

• *Quam tua te fortuna finet.*—VIRGIL.”

Here Monthermer finished his exhortation; and, convinced of the truth of his arguments, I determined no longer to give vent to idle and unprofitable sorrow. I resolved to bear my unhappy lot with fortitude and patience, and to practise those

those lessons of magnanimity and heroic calmness, which I had learnt from the writings of Greece and Rome.

Notwithstanding my stoicism, and the manly resolution I had formed, I was still inclined to hope, that Monthermer's account might be exaggerated, and that I should receive some pleasing intelligence. There may be one honest man in a den of thieves, thought I, and perhaps he is the person whom I have pitched upon to execute my commission. I ought not, even in my own mind, to condemn any man before I have the most unequivocal and evident proofs of his guilt. Suspicion is a mean and despicable vice; and where it gains admission, it corrodes and destroys every moral excellence and social virtue. In vain we seek for happiness or comfort, if we permit this fiend to shed its morbid influence

influence over our minds: in vain we seek for pleasure or enjoyment, if the torment of suspicion is suffered to lurk in our hearts. In my heart it shall find no harbour: I will cherish more noble and generous sentiments; and they shall inspire me with courage and resolution to bear whatever afflictions the malice of fortune, or the power of necessity, may shower on my head.

Such were the reflections my situation, and the advice of Monthermer, suggested to my mind. But before I had an opportunity of being convinced either of the honesty or villany of my emissary, I was put on board a cutter, with Monthermer and the other impressed men, and conveyed on board the receiving-ship at the Nore.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER X.

WE remained only a few days on board the receiving-ship at the Nore, and were then drafted over to the — frigate, commanded by Sir Cyclops Dunsterville, Baronet, at that time under sailing-orders to carry dispatches to the British fleet, stationed in the Chesapeake.

It is impossible to describe the hardships and distresses I experienced on board this ship, which was not unaptly styled by the sailors “the hell afloat.” The horrors of an element to which I was almost a total stranger, and the paucity of the allowance, both of meat and drink, might justly be accounted among the lesser evils I had to endure. These I could have borne without repining; but to be under the
insolent

insolent command of a parcel of boys, just come from their nurseries (for the greater part of our midshipmen answered that description), to be the sport of their petulance and arbitrary authority, was a bitter pill for one of my habits of thinking to swallow: and this was considerably increased by my ignorance in seamanship, which exposed me to the ridicule of my equals, and the abuse of those whose stations rendered them my superiors.

Despotism is at all times a dreadful evil; but under the circumstances in which I was placed, it was almost an intolerable one. If we submitted with patience to the blows, kicks, and unjust censures of our officers, our patient acquiescence was construed into sulkeness; but if, on the contrary, we expressed the least resentment, or ventured to murmur

at

at the ill treatment we received, then our behaviour was termed mutiny. In both cases, a flogging with a cat-o'nine-tails was the sure reward of the offending party.

That no expedient might be wanting to make us feel, at every point, and in the most acute manner, our abject and oppressed condition, the sorry privilege of being called by our proper names was denied us; and Come here, you young rascal! or Go there, you old thief! were the kind appellations our officers substituted in their stead.

Under these distressing circumstances, the lively and instructive conversation of my friend Monthermer, served as an antidote to expel the melancholy ideas and gloomy despair, that had like to have taken possession of my mind, and hurried
me

me to an act of suicide. A long series of oppression had not been able to weaken the powers and energies of his mind; they even seemed to derive additional strength from his accumulated misfortunes, and exhibited a fortitude impossible for circumstances to injure.

We had sailed about an hundred and fifty leagues to the westward of the Land's-end, when a terrible gale of wind came on from the north-west, and obliged us to heave the ship to. For my own part, as I had never been in a storm before, I imagined the elements were about to return to their original chaos, and that the wreck of nature was at hand. In a few hours, the wind and sea increased to so violent a degree, that our main and mizen masts were carried away by the deck, and the ship made so much water, that the provision-

provision-casks floated in the hold. I expected every moment the ship would founder ; for each succeeding wave, more tremendous than the former, seemed to threaten to bury us in its abyss.

Sir Cyclops had taken to his bed when the storm first began : this was his usual custom in bad weather ; for, indeed, he very seldom appeared upon deck, except to take the meridian observation, and not even then, unless the day happened to be remarkably fine. He was little calculated to endure the hardships of his profession, and had risen to his present rank merely by means of the borough-influence he possessed in Ireland, of which kingdom he was a native. Under such a commander, it need not be wondered at, that our officers were effeminate and lubbers, unable to act with energy or skill in the time of danger.

In this dangerous crisis, not an officer was to be seen upon deck, save one midshipman, whose name was B——. Had I the power to bestow the praise that is so justly due to this individual, I should think that happiness an ample recompense for all the sorrows which I participated with him. When Mr. B—— perceived that all the officers were gone below, he stripped off his uniform, and, addressing himself to the crew, declared, that as all the officers had deserted the deck, they (the crew) must no longer regard him as an officer, but as a seaman. I trust it is almost unnecessary to inform the intelligent reader, that this man still continues a petty-officer. Such conduct, under such a commander, was by no means likely to obtain him promotion.

After we lost our main and mizen
masts,

masts, it was judged necessary, for the preservation of our lives, to throw the guns overboard : a message was, accordingly, sent to the captain, to obtain his permission for that purpose. But all application to him was vain, for he had fortified himself so strongly with brandy, that he was literally speechless. Our first-lieutenant was then applied to : he gave immediate permission ; and added, that we might do whatever we judged necessary for the general safety. The guns were then thrown overboard, the wreck cleared away from the deck, and a sufficient number of hands employed at the pump.

As the gale was now somewhat abated, we set the reefed foresail, and scudded before the wind. In this situation the ship made less water than before ; and in
 about

about two hours the pumps sucked. On this joyful occasion, we gave three cheers ; which, in my opinion, better expressed the gratitude we felt, than all the *Te Deums* that have been sung or said, since the days of Charlemagne. Our shouts of joy brought several of our officers from their hiding-places, and as they found the danger was over, they began to exercise their usual despotic authority ; and though the ship had been saved entirely by the exertions of the common sailors, they had not a single encouraging word to bestow, to cheer us after the fatigue and labour we had undergone.

An old seaman, who, from his great experience, had been very instrumental in preserving the ship, ventured to ask the first-lieutenant for a dram, alleging for his reason, that he and the rest of the
people

people were much exhausted by their long-continued exertions, and stood in need of some refreshment.

“ A dram, you old rascal !” replied the lieutenant ; “ do you want a dram for doing your duty ? Here, boatswain’s-mate, give this son of a b--tch a dram with your rattan, and that will warm him, I warrant me.”

The honest blood of the veteran now boiled with indignation, and he was unable to suppress his anger.

“ Is this the reward,” cried he, “ is this the thanks a poor man gets for saving his Majesty’s ship ? If nobody had done their duty better than you, Mr. J——, we should have been a mess for the sharks before this time. They may save the ship who will for me, the next time,

but I'll take care I'll have no hand in it."

"Damn your eyes!" rejoined the lieutenant, "you shall have a dozen directly for your insolence; I will teach you to be saucy to your betters, you dog!"

As flagellation could not be administered without the permission of Sir Cyclops, who reserved solely to himself the high prerogative of dispensing that kind of punishment, a midshipman was ordered to deliver Mr. J——'s compliments to him, hoping he was recovered from the derangement the storm had thrown him into, and begging his permission to flog one of the seamen.

To this polite message Sir Cyclops returned for answer, that he was as well as could be expected, and hoped Mr.

J——

J—— would not scruple to flog the whole ship's company, if he thought it necessary for the good of the service.

Sir Cyclops's permission being thus obtained, the poor seaman was immediately seized up to the fore-rigging, and received a dozen stripes with a cat-o'-nine-tails, for the benefit of the service. Examples of this kind frequently occurred during the remainder of our passage, but as they differ very little from that which I have already related, I shall not distress my readers with the perusal of them.

After the storm abated, all hands were employed in rigging a jury-mainmast, with the assistance of which and the foremast, we arrived safe in the Chesapeake, without any material accident happening us.

Here our frigate was condemned and burnt, as she was no longer fit for the service; and Monthermer and I, to our great satisfaction, were both turned over to the same ship, the *Bellona* of sixty-four guns. We found our new situation, in every respect, much more agreeable and comfortable than our former one. Our captain, whose name was Laniard, was the very reverse of Sir Cylops. He had been at sea from his childhood, and owed his promotion solely to his own merit. He, therefore, despised from his heart a parcel of fresh-water sailors, whose only merits are their relation or interest with men in power. He was the friend and protector of worth; yet he dispensed his kindnesses in so unassuming a manner, as scarcely left the shadow of an obligation to detract from their value. On board

his

his ship he maintained the strictest discipline without severity, and always used his men with kindness and indulgence, though without familiarity. In short, he was beloved by the five hundred and fifty men he commanded. Though upwards of sixty, he retained all the fire and activity of thirty; and his courage was tempered by experience, and aided by a happy presence of mind, which enabled him to extricate himself from every difficulty, and even to convert danger to his own advantage.

As the West-Indies was likely to be the scene of action, where our naval force would be most employed, we were ordered, as soon as we had completed our provisions and water, to proceed to the island of Jamaica.

About a fortnight after our departure

from the **Cheapeake**, the man at the mast-head descried a large sail to leeward, and, as we gave immediate chase, we soon perceived the vessel to be a French seventy-four. We then prepared for action; and each man, having recruited his courage with a glass of grog, which captain Lanjard ordered to be served out, became anxious for the fight.

I shall never forget the words our captain used to the master, when he gave his directions how, and at what distance from the enemy, he would have the ship placed: "Lay her," said the gallant veteran, "on the Frenchman's lee beam, near enough to see the buckles in their shoes."

This order was strictly complied with, and a most furious discharge of great guns and small arms commenced from both ships. I was stationed to the second
gun

gun on the fore-castle, under the command of the third-lieutenant, who was a nobleman's son. As soon as the action began, this descendant of nobility laid himself flat upon the deck, and, after recommending his soul with great fervency to the divine protection, begged us not to put too much powder into the guns, and to sponge them well, for fear they should burst. When the action had continued for some time with great violence on both sides, a message from captain Laniard was delivered to our lieutenant (the honourable Mr. Heartless), ordering him to come and bring with him ten men, to supply the places of those who had fallen at the midship-gun, on the upper deck. To this order our lieutenant peremptorily refused obedience, declaring, no power on earth should make him quit the station

he was then in, except for a safer. When this reply was communicated to captain Laniard, he ordered Mr. Heartless to go to his cabin, as unworthy to share either the honours or dangers of the fight. This command was so agreeable to our lieutenant, that he did not hesitate a moment to comply with it, but leaving the fore-castle with the utmost precipitation, he sought the disgraceful security of his own cabin.

After the shameful retreat of our lieutenant, a midshipman and ten men, including myself, were ordered to the midship-gun. Fortunately for us, the engagement lasted but a very short time after our removal; for the Frenchman perceiving he was like to have the worst of it, thought proper to sheer off, leaving

ing us in too disabled a condition to pursue him.

We arrived, shortly after our engagement, at Port-Royal, in Jamaica; where, at the instance of captain Laniard, a court-martial was held on lieutenant Heartless, who was charged with cowardice and disobedience of orders. Yet (such is the justice of trials by court-martial) he was honourably acquitted of all the charges alleged against him; and, in a few days, was promoted to be first-lieutenant of a frigate, on the positive refusal of captain Laniard to admit him to sail again under his command.

I was, by this time, become so much accustomed to the discipline of a man-of-war, and under so worthy a commander, that I almost forgot to regret the precarious enjoyments of which I had been deprived.

The novelty of the prospect before me, hills piled on hills, and all the glorious sublimity of a tropical region, tended to alleviate the chagrin, and dissipate the dependency of my mind. Often at night, my friend Monthermer and I, would sit whole hours upon the deck, refreshed by the invigorating breeze that nightly descends from the lofty summits of the Blue mountains to cool the fainting inhabitants of the vallies, and struck with sublime awe at the frequent coruscations which, during the dead hours of the night, decorate and illumine the dark and gloomy firmament. But, in these hours, consecrated to solitude and meditation, the sorrowful reflection, that thousands of our fellow beings are here condemned to pine their lives in ruthless slavery, would often steal upon our minds, and make us ex-
crate

crate the spot, however adorned by the bounteous hand of nature, that harboured such gross, such unrelenting, oppression.

After we had been about a month in Port-Royal harbour, captain Laniard, to the great regret of his whole ship's company, was promoted to the command of a seventy-four-gun ship. We felt the loss of this worthy man more severely, as the person who succeeded him was his very reverse, and prided himself wholly on those qualifications which rendered him dreaded and detested. He was the natural son of a celebrated admiral, the fruits of a connection he had formed, when a midshipman, with one of the nymphs of Gosport. His name was Neptune Namur: the former name after the ship in which he was begot, the latter

after the ship in which he was born. From his father he inherited excessive pride and ambition, and from his mother brutal ignorance and depravity of morals, the characteristics of her profession. He had received no other education than what the ship's schoolmaster could give him, and that rather increased than diminished his hereditary vices. His present promotion was owing to the interest of his father, who was at that time one of the lords of the admiralty, and high in favour with a great personage, who is mentioned, by report, as rarely successful in the choice of his favourites.

As soon as captain Namur came on board the Bellona, all hands were ordered upon deck to hear his commission read. When this ceremony was performed, captain Namur, in a short but curious harangue,

harangue, informed us, that as he was now commander of the *Bellona*, he was determined to maintain the strictest discipline and authority on board.—“Damn my eyes!” said he, “if I care, let the offence be great or small, he shall have four dozen that commits it. So, you dogs! I would recommend you all to keep a good look-out after your behaviours, for the devil roast my soul, but I will be as good as my word!”

I must do captain Namur the justice to say, I never knew him in any instance ever to have relaxed from this declaration. How unlike the base and pitiful conduct of other great men, whose actions most commonly belie the tenour of their words, and whose hands prepare the engines of destruction, while their tongues exhaust the very powers of language to lull and
cajole

cajole into fatal security the wretches destined to fall a prey to their tyranny and rapacity. Not so captain Namur. He was systematically unrelenting, and disdained to promise the least favour or indulgence; but, on the contrary, adhered with religious strictness to all his menaces and threats.

That the ship's company might not be corrupted, by what captain Namur called unnecessary indulgences, the awnings which were spread over the deck to shelter us from the violent heat of the sun were removed, not a windfail was suffered to remain to convey the fresh air to the decks below; and at eight o'clock every evening the ports of the lower-gun deck were lashed in, so that not a breath of air, except what came down the hatchway, could find admittance to
the

the place, where upwards of three hundred men were crammed to sleep. It is impossible to describe the agonizing sensations which Monthermer and I experienced in this infernal situation. The heat of the climate, combined with the pestiferous exhalations arising from three hundred human bodies, totally precluded the possibility of sleep; and it was by no means an uncommon circumstance to find, when morning came, two or three men suffocated in their hammocks. Our nightly meditations were interrupted by the orders of captain Namur, who strictly commanded the officers of the night watches, to suffer no one to remain upon deck after it was dark. But I cannot attempt to determine, whether this was done with a view to prevent any of us being injured by the noxious dews that nightly fall

fall so heavy in this country, or to hinder us from throwing ourselves overboard, to endeavour to escape from his tyranny, by swimming on shore. The former of these suppositions appears to be the most probable, as few durst attempt to escape by swimming, on account of the numerous shoals of ferocious sharks, that infest Port-Royal harbour.

These animals stood very high in the estimation of captain Namur, who, fully sensible of their great utility in preventing desertions, or, perhaps, from a congenity of disposition, forbid the sailors, under pain of his most severe displeasure, either to kill or wound any of them. The finny monsters, in return, seemed sensible of the protection that was afforded them: they daily sported around our ship, and by their gamesome tricks expressed

expressed the lively gratitude they felt towards their kind patron. Amidst the vast multitude of sharks that daily thronged to captain Namur's levee, there was one distinguished in a peculiar manner by his enormous and unwieldy bulk, which the sailors, by way of pre-eminence, styled Port-Royal Tom *. This creature was so familiarized to receive favours from

* The story of Port-Royal Tom, is as familiar to every inhabitant of Jamaica, as the dolphin of Arion was to the Greeks or Romans. It was believed for many years, that the shark of Jamaica was so far humanized, as to disdain to prey on the carcases of his benefactors; but the unfortunate death of a child, who, in the presence of his father, was devoured by the monster, fatally contradicted the belief. The death of Port-Royal Tom, soon followed this event. For the father, enraged at the loss of his child, boldly adventured to engage the animal in his own element, and after a long and dubious combat achieved his destruction, by stabbing him in the belly with a poisoned knife.

the

the hand of man, that he came regularly every day at noon under our stern to get his allowance of beef or pork, which his friend captain Namur ordered always to be provided for him, and cooked in the ship's copper.

Under such a commander, the condition of Monthermer and myself was truly deplorable. We had both seen what might be called better days, and had both entered life with prospects that little threatened the dismal reverse we now experienced. Deprived of all the comforts and enjoyments that render existence desirable, and subject to every restraint and oppression that a brain fertile in cruelty could suggest, there was nothing of hope or consolation left to cheer or mitigate our distress.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XI.

THEY only who are acquainted with the excessive heat of the climate of Jamaica, can form an adequate idea of the dreadful situation of three hundred men, stowed close together between two decks for the space of eight hours; where every precaution was taken to prevent the free circulation of the air, and where myriads of moskitoes (the pests of the tropical regions) waged incessant hostility against us.

The consequences of captain Namur's cruel and unnecessary regulations were, that in less than a fortnight's time, not only many died of suffocation, but an epidemical fever and dysentery broke out among us. In a few days we buried
thirty

thirty of our crew, and sent seventy on shore to the hospital. My friend Monthermer was among the latter number.

Shortly after my friend Monthermer was sent to the hospital, I caught the fever, and in a few hours I became delirious. In this condition I was conveyed to an hospital named Greenwich, which is situated at a short distance from the town of Kingston. Here, with the assistance of medicine and change of air, I soon recovered my senses: but the pleasure experienced at my removal from on board the *Bellona*, was considerably damped, when I heard that Monthermer was in another hospital at Port-Royal, to which I had no opportunity either of sending a letter or a message, so that I was uncertain of the fate of my friend.

Let me here pay the tribute that is so
justly

justly due to his merit and worth.—He fell a sacrifice to the prejudices and avarice of his parents. Possessed of abilities, which, with proper cultivation, would have been of inestimable value, not only to his country, but mankind, he was condemned to waste the morning of his life in unprofitable toil, flattered by the expectation that he would one day become the master of a collier, which station was the summit of his parents' ambition. He was skilful and expert in his profession, yet the feelings and sensibility of a man were not lost in the roughness and unpolished manners of a sailor; for though he had been sent to sea very early in life, yet he carried with him a much larger portion of knowledge, than usually falls to the share of young men of fortune when they go to college. In him were compounded,

compounded, the frankness and sincerity of a sailor without his coarseness, and the urbanity and good breeding of a man of fashion without his frivolousness; a sound understanding, unbiassed by popular prejudices, and a quickness of perception that at once embraced and retained the most difficult acquirements of erudition or art. From him I first learnt to think as a man ought to do: to divest my mind of the barbarous prejudices and errors it had imbibed from education, and to reason and judge well or ill of circumstances, not as I found them, but from the causes by which they were produced. Were I to attempt to delineate the character of a man as I could wish him to be, I would take Monthermer for my model. I knew him only in adversity; and as I consider adversity by no means the best school,

either for the exercise or generation of talents, so I am convinced, had Monthermer been bred in the midst of affluence and prosperity, his views, his actions, his benevolence and philanthropy, would have been as extensively beneficial as the means he possessed. Yet, alas! such are the freaks of fortune: ignorance is decorated with crosses and mitres, and arrogance with coronets and crowns, whilst humble merit languishes a prey to poverty, contempt, and scorn!

To return to my narrative.—After the crisis of my disorder (when I recovered my senses), I was led to reflect on the various unfortunate circumstances of my past life, and the future miseries that might be reserved for me. But still, though the hand of affliction pressed heavy on me, though the gates of death yawned to receive

ceive me, and though I was miserable even to despair, I was desirous of life, and the desire increased with my apprehensions of dying.

The strength of my constitution, aided by my eagerness for life, prevailed over my disorder; and in a few days, the only traces of sickness that remained, were excessive languor and debility, which rendered me incapable of performing any kind of labour, and detained me within the precincts of the hospital for some time after the fever had entirely left me.

As convalescents were allowed to take the advantage of air and exercise, within certain limits and restrictions, I had an opportunity of exploring the practicability of a plan I had conceived during my sickness, of escaping from the tyranny of Captain Namur, on board whose ship I
was

was certain to be carried, as soon as I was perfectly recovered. I determined, at all hazards, to make an attempt to put my plan of escape into execution; but as I knew my present weakness would be a very powerful obstacle to the success of my undertaking, I resolved to use a stratagem, which, I thought, would deceive the doctors and surgeons who attended the hospital, and protract my continuance there, until my strength should be sufficiently recruited to effect my purpose without dread of failure.

For this purpose I procured some alum, with which I rubbed my tongue, to give it a white and foul appearance, whenever I expected to receive a visit from any of the gentlemen of the faculty; and I also discovered, that by striking my elbow pretty severely against my bed-post, I oc-

casioned my pulse to beat ten or twelve times more in a minute than it would otherwise have done.

With these precautions, and a well-told tale of my want of sleep, loss of appetite, and pains all over me, I effectually deceived the sons of Esculapius, who, when I had quite recovered my strength and vigour, pronounced me to be dangerously ill; which certainly would have been my case, had I swallowed all the cursed drugs they prescribed, or followed the regimen they ordered.

When I was thus perfectly recovered, I began to devise means for my escape, which I found would be no easy matter to accomplish, as the hospital was surrounded by a wall about fourteen feet high, and guarded by two sentinels, who, day and night, circumambulated its boundaries.

At

At first I thought to attempt to bribe the sentinels to permit me to escape ; but I soon relinquished that idea, when I considered the hazard to which I should expose myself, and the possibility that my whole fortune might be insufficient to satisfy their demands. The cordage of my bed next occurred to my mind, as capable of being converted into a most excellent ladder, and I did not despair of finding a stone sufficiently heavy to counterpoise my weight, when affixed to my rope, and thrown to the opposite side of the wall. I was pleased with the feasibility of this project, and set to work immediately as the lights of the hospital were extinguished ; but I found, to my inexpressible disappointment, that the bed-rope was damaged in so many places, that after the necessary knots were made, its whole

length scarcely amounted to ten feet. In this dilemma, I recollected that one of my shipmates had breathed his last during the afternoon, and that his corpse was placed upon a bed adjacent to my own. I then determined to apply the cordage of the dead man's bed to my own advantage; and having laid him on the floor without awakening any person who slept in the same ward, I soon completed my purpose. The length of my rope was now increased to near six fathoms, and with this I directed my steps to the place where I had remarked a large stone, that would be very convenient for my project. The night was uncommonly dark, and a heavy rain descended from the clouds. I was unable to perceive my way, but as I heard the sentinels conversing together under the shelter of their boxes, I walked
boldly

boldly on, until I stumbled over what I conceived to be a log of wood. I was stunned with the blow I received; but I soon forgot my pain when I heard the sentinels demand, who was there? I returned no answer to their interrogatory; and trusting to the darkness of the night, I crouched down upon the earth, resolving not to speak, unless I should be discovered. In this situation I heard the demand of the sentinels again repeated; they seemed to approach me, and in a few minutes one of them passed within the distance of a few yards from the spot where I lay. Heaven and earth! what were my sensations at this moment! I inwardly preyed the earth to swallow me up, or Heaven to shadow me with an impenetrable veil of darkness. The inclemency of the night, at length, however,

obliged the sentinels to seek the covert of their boxes, and I had the satisfaction to hear them declare, that it could only be the rain that occasioned the noise. I did not, however, venture immediately to remove from my prostrate situation, but waited until I thought their attention was occupied by some other object; I then began to crawl on my feet and hands towards the spot where I intended to make my attempt, and having reached it, I began to prepare my apparatus. But in vain I searched for the stone that was to counterpoise my weight; it was no where to be found, and without it my ladder would be useless. I now began to despair of the success of my undertaking, and was about to return to the hospital, and endeavour to replace the beds and dead body in their former situation, when I determined

terminated once more to try to find the stone, before I entirely relinquished my design. I crawled for some time, without being able to discover, either the object of my search, or any thing else that would suit my purpose ; but at length, when I was just on the point of abandoning my enterprize, I laid my hand upon a sled, that was used to carry the water-casks belonging to the hospital. With eagerness I measured its length, and, to my inexpressible joy, I found it sufficiently long for me to scale the wall without the assistance of my ladder. I immediately proceeded to drag it to the wall, and having placed it upright, I ascended the wall, and lowered myself to the opposite side by means of my rope, which I fastened to the sled.

When I had thus regained my liberty, after eleven months' unjust confinement, I hastened to quit the neighbourhood of the hospital, that I might arrive at Kingston before it was daylight. The rain still continued to pour its torrents from the sky, and to obscure the luminaries of the night. I was unable to see an arm's length before me; and as my road lay through a marsh, whose waters were considerably increased by the rain, I was obliged to proceed with great caution, for fear I should lose my footing on the *terra firma*, and slip into some deep quagmire. My apprehensions, however, were groundless; for I soon got clear of the marsh, and came to the high-road that led to Kingston. I now felt myself very much fatigued with the exertions, both of body and mind, I had undergone:

but

but the acquisition of liberty invigorated my limbs, and added speed to my steps. I am no longer under the command of an arbitrary and merciless despot ! (exclaimed I in the ardour of my joy). I have recovered my birth-right, and I will relinquish it only with my existence. Yes, despots of the earth ! inexorable, ruthless autocrats ! ye may pursue my miserable carcase to the grave, but its hallowed mansion is secure from your violence !

There, sorrow rests its melancholy head,
And anguish and despair no longer mourn ;
For cares and sorrows war not with the dead,
But long oblivion fills the silent urn.

The sighs of woe, the tyrant's jealous care,
Each cheerless prospect, all misfortunes cease ;
When death has closed the eyelids of despair,
And bid affliction sleep in endless peace.

I arrived at the town of Kingston before
day-break, and took up my abode at the
K 5 house

house of an old mulatto woman, to whom I frankly communicated the particulars of my escape from the hospital. I had no reason to regret my confidence; for the good old creature, as soon as she heard my story, not only conducted me to a place of concealment, where I was secure from the vigilance of my pursuers, but also exerted herself so successfully in my behalf, that in less than a week's time, she procured me a situation to go as steward of a ship to London.

CHAPTER

CHAPTER XII.

I ARRIVED at London about four months after my departure from Jamaica, if possible, more friendless and destitute than when I first entered it; but with this difference however, I had acquired, during my former residence in London, and whilst I was on board of a man-of-war, a considerable experience in the artifices and deceptions of the world; and I had also learnt, in some degree, to bear the troubles and misfortunes that are attached to poverty, with patience and fortitude.

When I received my wages, which only amounted to eight guineas and a half, I took lodgings in Exeter-street, resolving to follow some occupation by which I might obtain a livelihood on shore, and

never again be obliged to seek on the ocean, the pittance necessary for my existence. The harsh discipline of the navy, and the brutal ignorance of the generality of seamen in the merchant's service, had given me a thorough distaste for the nautical profession, to which, in my opinion, the boisterous element of the ocean is the very least objection, and when compared with the other evils that attend it, scarcely even in any degree to be accounted an objection.

After I was settled in my new habitation (a garret, for which I paid one shilling and sixpence per week), I found it was necessary for me to adopt the strictest plan of economy, and to regulate my expences in such a manner, as might enable me to foresee how long my stock of money would last, that I might apply myself to some profitable

profitable occupation, before I was exposed to the immediate horrors of poverty. I sold all my seafaring apparel to an itinerant clothes merchant, and purchased a second-hand suit in Monmouth-street, which relieved my mind from much anxiety and fear, lest I should be impressed on account of my sailor's dress. My stock of linen consisted only of two shirts, the same number of neckcloths, and three pair of stockings, which, to save expence, I constantly washed myself.

I dieted in the most frugal manner, never indulging myself with any superfluous meals, and even retrenching such as might be deemed necessary ones. For this purpose, I never rose till mid-day, by which means I saved a breakfast; then, if the day was fine, I used to walk in the Park, in order to procure me an appetite for my dinner,

dinner, which meal I always got at a cook's shop. After that, if I had no domestic concerns that required my attention, I repeated my walk in the Park, taking care always to return to my garret time enough to save the expence of a candle ; when, after supping on a pennyworth of bread and a pint of porter, I endeavoured to sleep away my cares till the succeeding noon.

Such was the usual routine of my life, except when I applied at the register offices to procure a situation similar to that I held under my uncle, and though I asked only ten pounds a year for my services, yet, as I was without a character, nobody would employ me. Three months passed away in a state of fruitless expectation : my fortune was diminished to nearly half its original sum, and I actually
began

began to despair of being able to find any person who would employ me. My mind was now agitated by a thousand distressing sensations; and I at length offered to serve as an amanuensis for my victuals and lodging only. After waiting about six weeks, without receiving any answer to my proposal, I was about to relinquish for ever my prospects of getting into service; and with that view I called at the office, to order the keeper to discontinue my application. A carriage was standing at the door of the office, and the mitre above the coat of arms announced it to be the property of some right reverend father of the church. The elegance of the equipage had excited my attention; but judge how greatly I was surprised, when I discovered that the right reverend personage was the arch-deacon,

deacon, whose quarrel with my uncle I have before related. As time and change of climate had effected a great alteration in me, I suspected the bishop would not recollect me, but as I thought perhaps he might be able and willing to do me some service, I determined to introduce myself to him.

“ My lord,” said I, bowing with humble submission, “ I am the nephew of the late Doctor Willoughby, rector of Bridgeland, whom your lordship must recollect. A long series of misfortunes have attended me since his decease, and, at present, I am threatened with a want even of the necessaries of life.”

“ I remember Doctor Willoughby,” interrupted the bishop ; “ he was a very worthy churchman : and, now I consider, I think I also recollect your face. But, pray

pray what are your wants or misfortunes to me? Do you think I have got no nephews of my own? Do you expect me to provide for you?"

"No, my lord; but I intended to solicit your lordship's recommendation and advice."

"My recommendation and advice! For what purpose?"

"That through your lordship's interest, I might be able to procure a situation, to preserve me from the danger of starving."

"I have no interest for such as you; but my advice is, that while the army and navy are in want of men of your description, you cannot starve, if you have an inclination to enter for either of them."

The supercilious looks of the bishop,
and

and his haughty tone of voice, did not intimidate me.—I proceeded.

“ But my education, my lord, has made me aspire to a higher situation than either a common foldier or a failor.”

“ Your education indeed! and pray what office do you think would fuit you?”

“ I fhould be happy to ferve any gentleman in the fituation of an amanuenfis ; and I flatter myfelf, I fhould in that fituation be able to give fatisfaction.”

“ An amanuenfis of all things! but pray what falary does your modelfty require?”

“ Beggars, my lord, muft not be choofers; and as I fear not but my endeavours would give fatisfaction to my employer, fo I would contentedly truft my recompense to his generofity.”

“ Now

“Now I am convinced,” cried his lordship, rising from his chair, and advancing towards the door, “that you cannot be a good servant, if you are unable to fix a price for your services ; nor an honest one, if you pretend to be content with the precarious recompence you have mentioned.”

He then stalked out of the door, without deigning to take any further notice of me, though I continued making my *congés* until his carriage drove away. I then inquired of the officer-keeper, how he came to be honoured with a visit from so very dignified a personage as the bishop? He answered me, that the bishop was his very best customer, for he never kept a servant above two months, and at present, was in want of an entire new set. He also told me, that he had been promoted

moted to the see of —— about eight months ago, on account of his eminent services to ministry, during a violent contested election in one of the northern counties, and so very zealous was he for all the measures of government, that he was expected to succeed to the first vacant archiepiscopal see.

When I heard this intelligence, I was unable to conceal my indignation against the worthless, though fortunate, personage to whom it related; and quitting the register-office, I hastened to my garret, to give vent to the melancholy reflections that disappointment, sharpened by contempt, had created in my mind.

Poverty, in civilized countries, is treated as a crime of the blackest die, inexpiable by a life spent in integrity and virtue, to be atoned for by no excellencies or endowments,

dowments, and against which wealth and power wage eternal hostilities and persecutions with unrelenting hate. Whilst wealth, decorated and adorned with all "the pomp, pride, and circumstance" of successful villany, erects its lofty head beyond the reach of justice, surmounts the petty difficulties of character and fame, with the gorgeous tinsel, by which it is embellished, hides the base brass that lurks beneath, and with a splendid robe (like the charity of the Apostle) covers a multitude of sins. Poverty, viewed by the jaundiced eye of wealth, transforms humility into baseness, and bashful modesty into conscious guilt; makes manly pride pass for aristocratic arrogance, and magnifies the trivial weaknesses of nature into the crimes of an adept, skilful in all the arts of wickedness and vice. Is the
 poor

poor man arraigned of any crime? his poverty is sure to appear amongst the list of witnesses against him. Does he seek for employment to meliorate his condition? still the drear goddess counteracts his endeavours, blasts his projects, and destroys in embryo the golden hopes of better days!—Let the plains of Asia that remain uncontaminated with European vices, the deserts of Africa that slave-mongers never explored, and the wilds of America that afford no incentives to the avarice of European emigrants, rejoice, that in their happy, though savage, state, personal worth is not eclipsed by the splendor of riches, nor vice concealed beneath the lustre of coronets or mitres.

“ O fortunati nimium sua si bona norint.”

Such were the reflections that the sight
 I of

of episcopal pride and dignity occasioned. But to return to my history. After I had lived long enough in the miserable manner I have already related, to expend seven of my eight guineas, my landlady procured me a situation as servant to a single gentleman, who had formerly lodged at her house, but, on the death of his father, had removed to genteeler lodgings.

The name of my new master was Hector M'Frafer. He was by birth a Creole, and prided himself highly on the antiquity of his family, and the blood of the right honourables that ran in his veins. Though his fortune was not large, he had received a most excellent education, travelled for his improvement on the continent, and spoke the French and Italian languages with great fluency.

Buency. He had been originally designed for the profession of a lawyer, but commencing his own master on the death of his father, and finding that study too dull for his gay and versatile disposition, he abandoned it, and engaged in a variety of schemes, which, for want of proper attention, all proved very detrimental to his fortune, and, together with his extravagant manner of living, reduced him to the necessity of economising, when it was almost too late.

When I engaged in his service, the principal source of his support was a debating society, of which he was one of the leading members, and acknowledged to be the best orator. In the zenith of his fortune, he had been an author of some celebrity, but this was more owing to the notoriety of his character, than to the

the intrinsic value of his productions, which were chiefly of a political cast. But in the decline of his fortune, his fame decreased in so rapid a degree, that not a bookseller could be found, who would undertake to publish, at his own risk, any of Mr. M'Frazer's performances.

I expected, when I engaged in his service, to lead a life of tolerable tranquillity and ease ; but, in this particular, I was most wofully deceived ; for, as Mr. M'Frazer could afford only to keep one servant, I was literally his factotum. In the morning, after I had prepared his breakfast, he arose, sipped his tea, and read the newspaper, which he procured from a neighbouring public-house. I had then to dress him : this was affair of the utmost importance, and generally occu-

pied about two hours to accomplish. His complexion, which had imbibed a fallow hue, from the heat of the climate where he was born, was a subject of eternal uneasiness and dissatisfaction to him. Every shilling he could spare from his urgent necessities, he applied to the beautifying and adorning his darling face; and when, after a variety of experiments, he despaired of being able to whiten his visage with cosmetic lotions, he resolved to remove the defect by a very liberal application of paint, and to conceal, under plaster-of-paris, the *sombre* tint of Antigua. His nose was also the occasion of much grief and concern; for nature had formed its dorsum or ridge so nearly parallel with his cheeks, that at first sight it might be supposed to want the os cribriforme and os frontale. He once re-

solved

solved to have a silver nose to cover this deformity ; or, as he called it, family misfortune : but he relinquished his design, when he considered the variety of screws that would be necessary to fix the artificial nose to his face. He, however, conceived another plan ; which was, nightly to secure his nose within a leaden case, that was strongly compressed by a small brass turniquet : but this, instead of remedying the evil, had like to have rendered it worse, for it caused an inflammation, that would have ended in an ozena, had he not immediately desisted from using the turniquet, and applied some emollient ointments. After that time, he relinquished all attempts of making any improvement of his nose : but it was a subject of constant regret to him ; and I have frequently heard him lament, that

his fortune would not allow him to take a voyage to Bengal, to consult the Gentoo chirurgeons of that country, who, he affirmed, were the most skilful nasal doctors in the world.

In his dress he affected singularity rather than fashion; and, indeed, through the whole course of his life, he had acted as if the summit of his ambition was, for the world to consider him rather as an eccentric being than an excellent character. His religious and political opinions were as changeable as the wind. He was an atheist in the morning, a deist at noon, and a high churchman at night: or, in the morning he was a republican, at noon he was a whig, and at night an advocate for the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance. Stability formed no feature of his character, not even in the
most

most important concerns of his life. He was an habitual enemy to diligence and application, and delighted only in those attainments which require no great efforts of study or understanding to accomplish. He skimmed on the surface of science, but never dived into its deep recesses.

When Mr. M'Frazer was painted, powdered, and dressed, he generally took a walk to exhibit himself in the park ; and if no one invited him to dinner, he returned home about four o'clock ; and, in that case, with a little bread and cheese, and a draught of water, made what he called a philosophic meal. He attended the debating-society three times a-week ; and if I had nothing to employ me at home, he sometimes, by way of a treat, permitted me to accompany him ; al-

ways, however, taking care to inform me, that he never granted this indulgence to any of his former servants. As, perhaps, many of my readers were never present at one of these societies, I shall, for their entertainment and instruction, give the substance of an evening's debate, at which I had the happiness of being present.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE place where the society held its meetings was a large room, where, time out of mind "the sprightly dance and frolick song" had cheered and enlivened the hearts of many an apprentice-lad and servant-lads. Till justice (*soi-disant* justice) viewing with malignant eyes the temporary happiness it afforded them, put a stop to their recreations, by forbidding such immoral and profane diversions to be continued any longer at that place.

The temple of mirth was then converted into a forum of haranguers, who supplied the want of the fencers and dancers, and charmed the audience with their wonderful orations. The desk, which was formerly occupied by a brace of blind

61 224
fiddlers, with very little stretch of imagination, was now transformed into a rostrum; and the room itself with the same facility was metamorphosed into a forum, or (as some were pleased to call it) *mirabile gymnasium eloquentio*, i.e. the wonderful wrestling-place of eloquence. The old leather-bottomed chair, upon which the president sat, was dignified with the appellation of *sella curulis*; and the members of this illustrious assembly frequently complimented each other with the titles of the modern Cicero, the Demosthenes of our age, the Aristotle of Great Britain, Henry the second, *et cetera*.

The goddess Pecunia presided over this temple, and exacted sixpence for each person's admission. This sum, after the nightly expences were paid, rarely amounted to more than thirty or forty shillings,

lings, and then it was to be divided among ten or twelve orators, who for the most part had no other source of support.

When the company was assembled, the president opened the meeting by a short speech from the rostrum, wherein he informed them, that the question to be discussed that evening was, "Whether the present fashion of concealing the defects of nature, or augmenting her beauties, by means of paint or cosmetics, was deserving our approbation or disapprobation?"

The fair sex who were present, testified their joy and satisfaction at the proposal of so interesting a subject of debate, by loud and reiterated plaudits; the forum resounded with bursts of applausive laughter, and a considerable space of time elapsed before the authority of the president could

could command silence. Attention being, however, at length restored, Mr. M^r Frazer mounted the rostrum, and, after making a low bow to the audience, began nearly as follows:

“Mr. President ; ladies and gentlemen ; Before I enter upon the examination or investigation of the question to be discussed this evening, let me beg and entreat you to divest and strip your minds and understandings of all prejudices, antipathies, and prepossessions, and to allow me a fair and candid hearing. For I am a plain-spoken man, totally unaccustomed to, and unacquainted with, the flourishes and embellishments of rhetoric ; and anxious and solicitous only that my arguments may abound in good sense and reason, I remain wholly indifferent and regardless of the decorations of my style, and the tropes

tropes and amplifications of my harangue. Let me, therefore, request this brilliant assembly not to expect a polished, elegant, or copious oration from me ; for I am only able to deliver the humble and modest sentiments of a man fully conscious of his own inability, incapacity, inexperience, insufficiency, and inadequateness, to determine or expatiate on the merits or demerits, the uses or abuses, of the practice in question.

“ With these considerations deeply, strongly, and forcibly impressed upon your minds, I trust I may hope for your candid indulgence : therefore, without any further preface or prologue, I shall proceed to state my opinion and judgment of the learned president’s question.—But first, ladies and gentlemen, permit me to inform you, that my method of argumentation

comprises brevity with abundance, and
copiousness with conciseness; it compre-
hends perspicuity without prolixity, and
distinctness without redundancy.

"Ladies and gentlemen, to elucidate
this question, it is first necessary that we
should consider the antiquity of the cus-
tom of ornamenting the human body with
paints, stains, enamels, or any similar me-
thods. We find in the commentaries of
Julius Cæsar, and in the life of Julius Ag-
ricola, written by his son-in-law, the cele-
brated historian, Tacitus, several import-
ant corroborating accounts, which prove,
that the highest aboriginal nobility of this
island used to dye or paint their faces with
various colours, and also, by way of orna-
ment, to make incisions in their bodies,
in the shape of flowers, trees and animals,
which, with the juice of the plant woad,
they

they painted a sky colour, that never wore out. "But, ladies and gentlemen, you may perhaps object to this, and say, that the painting used in the time Cæsar or Tacitus bears no resemblance to the painting that is used to decorate the physiognomies of persons of fashion in the days of George the Third. I hope I shall be able, in a very few words, to do away that objection, if it should have entered your minds. Consider, ladies and gentlemen, the arts and sciences in this island were only in a state of infancy when Cæsar and Tacitus wrote; but, like agriculture, navigation, or architecture, the art or science of visage-painting has been in a progressive state of improvement, and, thanks, to the ingenuity of the artists of the present day, a private lady can put on a face as much handsomer

fomer as her gown is finer, than any her majesty, queen Boadicea, ever wore. You must be acquainted, ladies and gentlemen, that, at the period when this eminent heroine flourished, neither silks nor sattins, chintses nor callicoos, were made in this island. It is therefore very probable, that our ancestors wisely endeavoured to supply the want of them by drawing patterns on their skins, which our manufacturers, with a laudible zeal for the venerable remains of antiquity, have imprinted upon the gowns of my fair auditors.

“ Having now traced the antiquity of visage and bodily painting to the distance of eighteen hundred years, it only remains for me to demonstrate its utility and advantages, and, if my humble abilities will permit, to rescue so noble a science from the

the disgrace and opprobrium with which it is loaded by the wittings and cynics of the present times.

“Beauty, most polite audience, metaphorically or allegorically speaking, may be said to have two mothers, Nature and Art. Nature, the avaricious mother, frugal even to niggardliness of her benefits; and Art, the kind and liberal mother, who supplies the omissions, and atones for the parsimony of her sister, without deviating from her sister's acknowledged excellence. Art, again, is constantly employed in counteracting the defects and imperfections, or adding to the graces and embellishments, of Nature; and not only rivals Nature, but is frequently enabled to surpass her most finished and rarest performances.

“There are three different modes, or methods,

methods, by which beauty may be gained or acquired, and which I humbly beg leave to recommend to the serious attention of all those who are desirous of becoming paragons of beauty. The first of these modes, or, more properly speaking, gradations, is the cosmetic lotion, or beautifying wash, which cleanses the skin, and prepares it for the reception of the rouge or paint, which may be denominated the second mode, or gradation. The third and last, is the enamel, or varnish, which enables the paint to resist the vicissitudes of heat and cold, and effectually prevents it from exuding or sweating down the face, let the perspiration, or sweat, be ever so violent. I beg leave to inform you, ladies and gentlemen, that these essentials of beauty are sold at the cosmetical warehouse of Messrs.

Messrs. W—— and sons, neat as imported from the *répasoire de le sieur Fardeur, rue de la Friperie, fauxbourg de Saint Antoine, à Paris*: and the annual expence of them, calculated on average from the report of three beautified ladies in middling life, is three guineas and a half.

“Thus, most benign audience, having treated in a simple and concise manner, upon the various methods and expences of visage-painting, I shall not transgress upon your honourable time much longer, but proceed, without any further circumlocution, to ask three questions, which I humbly crave your permission to answer myself.—The first question I have to propose is, Can an ordinary (pardon my blushes if I say an ugly) woman derive any advantage from the use of paint? I answer, she can derive
great

great and manifold advantages from it; and therefore ought to use it on all occasions, and without any restrictions.

“Can paint remove the wrinkles and fill up the furrows of old age? It can: and he must be a cursed sceptic who doubts its omnipotence.

“Ought artificial improvements, which threaten to equal nature, to be encouraged? This question almost answers itself; and the man who would be an enemy to the improvement of female beauty, by the same mode of reasoning, would be an enemy to improvements in horticulture, or the discovery of the longitude: but, in my humble opinion, every attempt to equalize art with nature is highly laudable, and worthy the encouragement of polished society.

From what I have already said, it is
easy,

easy, ladies and gentlemen, to discover what are my sentiments concerning this question: but permit me, Mr. President, again to repeat my humble opinion, that, in certain cases and situations, the classes and descriptions of paint I have already mentioned and enumerated, are not only useful and ornamental, but necessary and indispensable articles of decoration both to the male and female sex."

When Mr. M'Frazer had concluded his harangue, and retired from the rostrum, the audience signified their approbation of his eloquence and decision, by the most clamorous and extravagant applause. When the ferment ceased, a methopist parson rose to answer M'Frazer's arguments. This man appeared to be the Pierrot of the society. The antic gesticulations of his body, and absurd modulation

modulation of his voice, must remain among the *desiderata* of my history, they can be neither painted nor described; but as his arguments, though disfigured with fanaticism, and clouded with the dark veil of religious frenzy, evinced a vigorous, though bigotted, understanding, and much sound reasoning, I shall endeavour to relate them in his own words:

“ Beloved brethren! men, women, and children! I was inwardly rejoiced when I heard, that the subject of painted visages was to be agitated and discussed in our assembly this evening: but when I beheld the man in green apparel stand forth the advocate for so foul a practice, and when I heard the approbation with which his decision was received, verily my rejoicing was turned into sorrow,

and

and my inward laughter into outward weeping. My bowels griped with anger and indignation, I was convulsed with pious wrath, and trembled from head to foot with melancholy despair. My inward man lamented, and my outward man groaned: first, at hearing so foul and vicious a practice justified and supported by the abilities of Hector M'Frazer, and afterwards, at hearing his determination applauded in the most vehement manner by this assembly.

“ Beloved brethren! I shall endeavour to instil into your minds an antidote, to preserve you from the baneful effects of the poison, that the heathenish eloquence of Hector M'Frazer has bespattered around him. I shall endeavour to direct your attention to better things than the fooleries and vanities he describes,

scribes, and I shall teach you to reject his nonsensical doctrine, and to prize what is better than rubies, and more precious than gold.

“ Why, beloved brethren, would you bedizen with paint, the image of your Maker? and why make like unto a graven image the face that is formed by almighty hands? Why would you appear like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed are beautiful outward, but within are full of all uncleanness? Ponder well in your minds the great sin and deadly wickedness of such proceedings, and let me beseech you to consider the eternal punishments, that are justly denounced against such transgressors. But perhaps you do not believe the blessed scriptures! Then, I tell you, you are a parcel of fools and ignorant wretches,

day

day and night travelling on the high-roads and broad turnpikes that lead to damnation!"

At this exclamation, a terrible coughing and sneezing took place. The female part of the audience blew their noses to shew their aversion, and the gentlemen exercised their snuff boxes in testimony of their contempt. But the enthusiastic orator was not to be discouraged by these symptoms of disgust. For when the din of disapprobation ceased, he immediately recommenced his uncourtly harangue :

"You may laugh, painted Jezebels! but I tell you, you have not courage to wrestle with the evil one, nor strength to defy his attack. Instead of withstanding his temptations, you run eagerly into his clutches. The devil's claws have laid
hold

hold of you; and encompass you, and what is still more horrible, you rejoice and exult in your bondage, and make no efforts to extricate yourself from the fetters of the powers of darkness. I see with the eye of my mind, and hear with the ear of my understanding, the back-slidings and misdoings of which you have been guilty. My inward man yearneth for you, and is sore afflicted: but he counselleth me to be your guide and pastor, and to be a lantern to your steps. I will obey his advice; and, as I have before said, that perhaps you do not believe the blessed scriptures, I will argue with you from common sense, for I am prepared to combat the evil one on either ground.

“ Let me ask you, is the worth and value of a woman to be estimated only
by

by her beauty?—has she no other qualifications to render her amiable, than the elegance of her person, or the charms of her face? I think she has. Nay, of a truth, she has many, which, when compared with personal beauty, resemble the lustre of the noon-day sun, contrasted with the insignificance of a candle. Are the accomplishments of the mind and the excellence of wisdom of so little value, that they must be sacrificed at the shrine of a fine face? No! I answer. The cultivation of the mind and the improvement of the understanding, will render the price of a woman “far above rubies. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and her tongue is the law of kindness.” But the woman who neglects the improvement of her mind, and spends her time in vain and foolish endeavours

deavours to beautify and adorn her earthly face, exhibits a very different picture to our view. She openeth her mouth with folly, and her tongue is deceit and guile. Her way is the way of the harlot, and her path the path of the wanton: her trade is artifice, and her daily occupation vanity and leasing.

“ When I confider, beloved brethren, the vast and invaluable portions of time that are spent in the pursuit of worldly trifles, my blood boils with rage and indignation: but when I hear a man stand forth the advocate for trifles, and, oh shame to the name of man! the recommender of them to his fellows, I have not power to exprefs the horrors I feel, or paint in terms fufficiently strong the detestation with which he inspires me.

“ To you, my sisters and daughters, let
me

me now address myself; let me, ere too late, administer an antidote to the poison you have heard, and let my words be impressed on your hearts, for my motives are your eternal happiness and welfare, and my only aim and desire to save you from damnation.—Bedizen no more your faces with paints and varnishes! cease to hanker after the pomps and vanities of this world, but set your hearts and affections on that kingdom, where the patriarchs and saints continually sing hymns and psalms.”

Here the parson sat down amidst the groans and hisses of the audience, who appeared highly dissatisfied with his advice and opinion. Several orators then displayed their abilities on each side of the question; but as their arguments were mere repetitions of those of Mac

Frazer and the parson, I shall not record them. When the debate was protracted to the usual time of separation, the question was put by the president, and it then appeared that there was a majority of above two-thirds of the audience in favour of Mr. M'Frazer's opinion.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM this specimen of the eloquence of a debating society, I return to the narrative of my own adventures.—After I had been a few months in Mr. M'Fraser's service, I found his affairs grow so bad, and his creditors so numerous, that it became impossible for me to remain any longer in his service without danger of starving. All his wearing apparel, except two suits, and all his books, were in the hands of the pawnbrokers: the rent for his lodgings was three months in arrears, and he was unable to raise a single shilling, besides what the casual receipts of the debating-society produced. I therefore resolved to quit his service, and endeavour to pro-

cure another place, while I had yet a guinea remaining in the world.

When I acquainted Mr. M'Frazer with the resolution I had formed, he appeared very much agitated, and eagerly demanded why I was desirous of leaving him at the present crisis of his affairs?

"Because," I answered, "it is not my inclination to die of hunger; and your circumstances are in so desperate a state, that I suspect that would be my lot, if I continued much longer in your service."

"Pshaw! pshaw! you talk like a novice, a mere child on the theatre of the world. I imagined you had more sense than to think of starving or death, when there are so many methods by which a youth may turn his talents and abilities to account."

"I should

"I should be happy to be acquainted with them: for though my efforts have long been directed to the purpose of procuring an honest competence, yet that object seems at present as distant from my possession, as it was when I had to encounter the contempt of my uncle, or when by his death I was again rendered destitute and friendless."

"You are entirely mistaken in your opinions, and have formed very erroneous ideas respecting the powers and faculties which you appear to possess. They are the genuine and natural methods by which competence may be obtained; but not unless aided by industry, effort, and application. During the course of your life, you have doubtless been engaged in some scenes that have astonished and delighted you, and in others that have ter-

riſed and afflicted you. Theſe ſcenes, with the help of a vigorous imagination, may be made the ground-work of ſome ſtory, that will afford both entertainment and inſtruction to its readers. The occupation of arranging and methodizing your ſcenes and ideas, will at firſt be a taſk of conſiderable difficulty and labour; but diligence and attention will enable you to overcome the moſt ſtupendous barriers, and to proceed with facility and eaſe."

"But alas! how can I, without aſſiſtance and ſupport, expect to ſucceed, where ſo many have failed, though they had all the aid that a well-filled purſe and valuable connexions can beſtow; or, in plainer words, many have failed, though they had a choice library to confirm their knowledge, and a circle of learned friends to enlarge it."

"The

"The means that you think ought to have ensured their success, were the causes that produced their failure. Confidence is ever the forerunner of neglect; and neglect engenders failure. The man of prosperity thinks himself secure: fame, or the laudable ambition of benefiting his fellow-beings, are the only motives he feels for writing. But the man of adversity has a thousand motives: his necessities urge him in the most forcible manner; he knows that the success of his production depends solely upon its own merit, and it is this that inspires him with an enthusiasm and zeal to bestow upon it the most incessant care and attention. He daily corrects, enlarges, or abridges his composition, and thinks no labour too severe, no assiduity irksome, to render it complete. The man of prosperity is a

stranger to these animating motives, and, relying on false supporters, he falls a victim to his own supineness, and the erroneous estimate he has formed of his own abilities. Though prosperity has a numerous train of advantages, yet I will venture to assert, that the cause of knowledge is more indebted to those who have had their education in the school of adversity, than to the multitude who have been nursed in the soft lap of prosperity. Wealth is an unnecessary article to the composition of a philosopher: it clogs rather than enlarges the human understanding, and deranges the delicate fabric of the mind. Whilst adversity gives vigour to the imagination, and rouses from their lethargic slumber the torpid faculties of the soul.—If you will remain with me, you shall have my assistance and
 help:

help: you shall participate in all my profits, be the companion of my studies and amusements, and a servant only in appearance."

These promises rekindled the sparks of ambition that misfortune had smothered; and my desire after knowledge determined my wavering inclination. I resolved to remain with M'Frazer. From this period I became his friend and adviser, the confident of all his plans and secrets, and the partaker in all his pleasures and disappointments.

Our union was cemented by the bonds of mutual adversity, and maintained by the ties of reciprocal benefits. No jealous fears of rivalry assailed our friendship; nor need it be wondered at, since our only care was to provide against the exigencies of the morrow, to preserve our independ-

ence, and to lay the foundation of such a stock of knowledge; as might be a benefit both to ourselves and our fellow-beings.

Fortune for some time smiled upon our endeavours; and the profits arising from the debating-society enabled M'Frazer to satisfy the demands of some of his most urgent creditors, to pay the arrears due for his lodgings, and also to redeem some of his wearing apparel and books, which had been deposited at the pawn brokers.

This sun shine of prosperity was, however, of no very long duration. For a lecturer on political topics opened a room in opposition to the society, and being blessed with stentorian strength of voice, a happy knack at hyperbolical exaggerations, and very superior talents for that species of rhetoric denominated Billingsgate,

gate, he attracted to his lecture-room all the frequenters of the society. In vain the most amusing questions were proposed, and hand-bills posted over all parts of the metropolis: still, in spite of all the arts of puffing, the multitude followed the lecturer, whilst the society debated and decided with empty benches.

It would perhaps be thought presumptuous and arrogant in me, if I attempted to decide peremptorily, whether the lecturer or the orators of the society, best merited the support and protection of the public. I may, however, be permitted to make a comparison of their respective merits; and for this purpose it is necessary to ask a question:—Which of the two is the most rational amusement, Punch, or a party of dogs dancing rigadoons? Punch, the lecturer; the rigadon dancers
the

the orators of the debating society.—To pursue the parallel—

Grimace served Punch instead of wit, and noise instead of argument. He drew his conclusions from personal abuse, and inferred his propositions from quaint allusions to local and temporary subjects, which he had a happy dexterity at rendering subservient to his own views and designs. His hypotheses were all founded on vulgar prejudices, and the claps or hisses of his audience, notwithstanding his boasted consistency, uniformly influenced the barometer of his opinions. The rigadon dancers differed very materially from the lecturer; for though they always submitted to popular opinion, yet, by the very name and nature of their institution, they were in some degree obliged to combat it, which in the freedom of debate often gave offence

offence to their auditors, and at length proved their overthrow. Whilst the lecturer, profiting by the errors of the society, assimilated his arguments to the passions and prejudices of his audience: by a specious appearance of patriotism and disinterestedness, gained their esteem; by flattering their vanity and pride, imposed himself upon them as a man of extraordinary abilities and learning, and indeed, in the sequel, he became a man of great notoriety and fame.

After the debating-society was dispersed, Mr. M'Frazer subsisted for some time on translations from the French, at two shillings per sheet; but his employer finding a person who would do the business at eighteen-pence per sheet, dismissed him. Ruin and misery then stared us in the face; and all the afflicting sensations that
indigence

indigence and the contempt of the world can produce, were present to heighten and aggravate our distress. My attempts in literature had been so far unsuccessful, that the persons to whom I applied refused to purchase them, though they would willingly have published them, had I consented to part with them gratis. But this I refused, as I did not choose a parcel of drones should reap the advantage of my labour.

Our circumstances now became so desperate, and our landlord so urgent for his rent, that it was impossible for us to remain any longer in his house. We therefore packed up a few of our most portable goods, and leaving the remainder by way of payment for the arrears of our rent, we decamped at midnight from our lodgings.

We

We then procured a furnished garret in Smithfield. Here we remained for some time sequestered from the world, never venturing abroad until it was dark, and then taking proper care to disguise ourselves, lest we should be recognised by any of our former acquaintance, who might betray M'Frazer to his creditors.

In this situation we became acquainted with a journeyman-printer, who tenanted the garret adjoining to our own. He was a man of a social disposition, and being fond of literature and its pursuits, he easily ingratiated himself into our favour. Being well versed in all the mysteries of his profession, he undertook to procure us a purchaser for our performances, and also to put us into a method by which we might get a ready sale for our future productions. We eagerly accepted his offer,
and

and the following day he brought along with him a grave old gentleman, who, we were afterwards told, was the editor of a monthly magazine. This director and organiser of literature, wore a large bushy peruke, that enveloped two-thirds of his gloomy visage, and gave an air of peculiar importance and dignity to his whole composition. His person was corpulent and robust, and his carriage haughty and proud. He seemed absorbed in the consideration of his own greatness and consequence, and scarcely deigned to answer our humblest enquiries. I conceived but little hopes that this man would become the purchaser of our labours; and so greatly did his manners and appearance prepossess me against him, that I suspected he was one of those who haunt the abodes of misery and distress,

tricks, to expose them to the ridicule and laughter of the selfish and unfeeling; who visit the cells of Newgate to profit by the misfortunes of their unhappy tenants, and who are the biographers of malefactors and offenders, the historians of robberies and murders. I thought he was one of the tribe, who fabricate the dying speeches of the victims of the law, and forge the poetical lamentations of the condemned hole.

I, however, augured erroneously of the merits of this personage; for after he had examined two or three of our essays, which are chiefly of an ethical nature, he condescended to explain what species of writing was best adapted for his purpose, and also to give us some advice respecting the prosecution of our labours.

“Morality,” said he, “does not answer

fewer in a magazine: it is a very stale commodity, and nobody is willing either to read or purchase it. Religion is also in disrepute; but that need not be wondered at, when one considers the multitude of stupid sermons and discourses that are daily issued from the press, for no other purpose, as one would think, than to clothe the wares of cheesemongers, tobacconists and pastry-cooks. A learned friend of mine, who is deeply skilled in matters of this nature, has made a calculation of the number of sermons, *et cetera*, that are published in London alone during the course of a year; and he avers, that their combined numbers exceed in magnitude all the philosophical transactions of all the societies in Europe, that have been published during the last ten years. So widely," says he,

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“is the mania for sermon-making extended, that haberdashers and taylor, the preachers and ministers of tabernacles and conventicles, are ambitious to publish the visions and reveries of their distempered imaginations, and neglect their honest and useful occupations to describe the joys of unknown Jerusalems, or hail the approach of the glorious *millenium*. Things of this kind are now become so common, that it is only waste of paper and ink to print them.

“I have had a good deal of experience in the literary world, and, I think, I may venture to pronounce my sagacity and discernment, as far surpassing the most learned men of my age. I am a veteran in the service of the public; and have been employed for upwards of thirty years in catering for its mental repasts: as I have

ever been desirous to please, I have learnt what kind of dishes are agreeable to its appetite, what species of food suits its palate.

“ Scandal and romance are the delight and admiration of a very numerous class of readers, who read without reflecting, or, rather, who never take the trouble to reflect at all. They are easily amused, provided their entertainment is seasoned with a few ludicrous incidents, and a ridiculous catastrophe. No story is too improbable for their belief, nor tale too miraculous for them to credit: for their ideas are few, and they do not enlarge them by thinking or comparison. They are total strangers to investigation and research, and habitual enemies to every kind of literature, save what I have already named. A story may easily be in-

vented

vented to suit their imaginations. Lay the scene in France, Spain, or any other country, and let the actors consist of a jealous husband, rich and old, a lover possessing all the qualities of Oroondates except his chastity, and a heroine, young, beautiful and amorous. Besides these, there must be a faithful valet or squire, who is fertile in frauds and expedients to promote the purposes of his master ; and also an intriguing female, who is able and willing to assist the designs of her mistress. These personages must undergo a variety of hair-breadth escapes, and at length, jealousy must be defeated, and the lovers blessed with the possession of each other.—When you have completed this, your story will be fit for a magazine, and will please its thoughtless readers.

“ There

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"There is another species of magazine-writing, which is not only easy in its nature, but also capable of being extended to a great number of essays: I mean that species of criticism that cavils at the works of departed genius, and pretends to detect plagiarisms in authors who can no longer defend themselves. It is a well known adage, that an ass may kick a dead lion, so may the merest sciolist in literature attack the most venerable works of the fathers of learning. For this purpose, he must extract a dozen lines from Shakspeare, Milton, or any other deceased author of distinguished merit; and after prefacing his attack with a few protestations of reverence and respect, he may proceed to hint, that the passage he has extracted was borrowed from some author, whose name is barely registered

registered in the chronicles of his own times. It would be better if he could translate the extract into Latin, and produce it as an evidence to substantiate his charge. This will be sufficient to occupy one whole essay, and another may be dedicated solely to the purpose of answering the former, and abusing its tendency, Essay will multiply essay, and he will have no occasion to adduce proofs, so long as he is able to blacken his paper with bare assertions and contradictions. Before he has exhausted his subject, he will have produced eight or ten essays, *pro* and *con*, himself against himself; and when his subject fails, he may attack some other author, and the same process must be again repeated. It may not be amiss to inform you, that *Crito*, *Scrutator*,

Vindex, et cetera, are proper signatures for this kind of criticism.

"These two species of composition form the principal purchasable materials of a magazine. Our country correspondents always furnish us with abundance of poetry of all descriptions, and our town friends supply us with conundrums, enigmas, and charades. If we are affected with a dearth of materials, we borrow from the ample stores of history and biography, and retail the anecdotes that pleased our fathers.—Thus, and with the news of the times, the marriages, births, deaths, and bankruptcies of the month, we contrive to swell our production to its stated bulk."

Here the old gentleman ceased; and our friend, the printer, made bold to ask him, if he could not give us a trifle for

our

our moral essays? He hesitated for some time, but at length agreed to give us half a crown a piece for the largest essays, and two shillings for the smallest. The bargain was then closed, and we received fifteen shilling and sixpence for our united compositions. The dealer in literature then left us to regale ourselves on the fruits of our negotiation, and pursue the species of writing he had recommended.

CHAPTER XV.

M'FRASER and I now applied ourselves with diligence and assiduity to the fabrication of love adventures, *et cetera*, and succeeded so well, that we were enabled to live with ease and comfort. I was intoxicated with my happiness, and entertained no fears for its continuance. Ambition presented her pleasing dreams to my imagination, and I fondly cherished the hopes of future honour and wealth. The hours glided pleasingly away, and I no longer lamented the tedious duration of the day. The remembrance of past sorrows gave a zest to my present enjoyment: they taught me the value of independence, and tutored my mind to the means of attaining it.

M'Fraser,

M'Frazer, though he was tolerably well contented with his present situation, employed many an anxious hour in bewailing his past extravagance, and forming schemes for the payment of his creditors, and the future advancement of his fortune. His follies and weaknesses, which had formerly disgusted me, were now no longer remembered. From the gay, the painted, the powdered Mr. M'Frazer, who had delighted the men with his eloquence, and the women with his beauty, he was changed to the sad, the squalid Hector, deserted by those who once courted his friendship, and persecuted by the very men who had basked in the sunshine of his bounty, and been the cause of his ruin.

Let me here endeavour to delineate what, at this period, appeared to be the

true character of this unfortunate man. — He was unfortunate from his own imprudence, and a long series of sinister causes, which the thoughtless and unfeeling world too frequently attributes to the criminality of the suffering party. From nature he inherited many great and excellent qualifications, but their value was diminished by some faults, and many weaknesses. His judgment was strong and vigorous, and capable of discriminating between appearances and realities. His memory was in a wonderful degree tenacious and retentive, and his mind "richly fraught with philosophic stores." In his manners he was a disciple of the Chesterfieldian school, yet not a bigot; for his judgment enabled him to select some of the few excellencies that are contained in that splendidly infamous system,

system, and also to reject some of the faults and imperfections with which it so preposterously abounds. Nature seldom implants virtues in the human frame, without mingling along with them a due proportion of vices and failings. Such was the case with my friend. To counteract his endowments, he was naturally indolent, almost lethargic. Regardless of the acquirements of industry or study, he valued himself chiefly on trifling and superficial accomplishments, which he attained without any considerable exertions. An easiness of temper and avidity for flattery, rendered him a dupe to imposters, enervated the faculties of his mind, and converted many of his virtues into faults. With his own failings and errors he was well acquainted, yet he

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wanted energy to correct, and firmness to eradicate them.

After we had remained about three months in our garret, without any material circumstance happening to us, a plan suggested itself to M^r Frazer, which he thought would blunt the vigilance of his creditors, and procure him a sufficiency to re-engage in the scenes of active life. His plan was to publish an account of his own death in the newspapers, magazines, and other periodical publications, which he thought might fall into the hands of his creditors, and prevent them from searching any longer after him. He afterwards intended, under a fictitious name, to publish an account of his own life and travels, the profits of which he expected would enable him

both to liquidate his debts, and execute the schemes he had formed for the improvement of his fortune. For this purpose, the following paragraph appeared in most of the newspapers, *et cetera* :

“Died lately, the celebrated orator, Hector M’Frazer, Esq. He left England a months ago, on an excursion to the glaciers of Savoy, and perished with cold, during the second expedition he made to explore some of the hitherto unvisited parts of that romantic region. The writer of this article had the honour of being well acquainted with him, and is preparing for the public, an account of his life, and a very interesting narrative of his journey to the glaciers, the whole compiled from authentic documents written by the deceased.”

The success of this paragraph, exceeded our most sanguine expectations. A few days after its first appearance, the Newspapers teemed with the praises of the late orator, M'Frazer; several of them related, what they called, "an authentic account of the particulars of his death," and even proceeded so far as to reproach their contemporary journals with tardiness in informing the public of so important an event.

Mr. M'Frazer's whole time was now employed in writing the history of his travels and adventures, real and feigned, which were to be published in my name, as the friend who "had the honour of being well acquainted with him." In the prosecution of this scheme, he seemed to surmount his natural indolence, and to call all the latent powers of his mind into action :

action: in order, as he said, that his work might be finished, before the public curiosity should be occupied by some other object, or lose its relish for a narrative of his adventures. The corroding care, and unavailing grief, to which he had so long been a prey, now forsook him. His spirits and gaiety returned, and with them his intellectual powers and vigour of enterprize. He entertained the most sanguine hopes that his production would not only be very profitable, but also, by its intrinsic merit, would excuse the deception he put upon the public in writing it. To accomplish this end, he spared neither labour nor attention. Indefatigable in his exertions and application, he dedicated solely to this object, every moment of time that was unoccupied by the necessary and unavoidable

demands of nature. He rose with the luminary of the day, and did not desist from his labour, until the guardians of the night had proclaimed the second hour of their watch. My efforts were still directed to the composition of magazine essays, and I succeed so well in those vehicles of knowledge, that my employer raised the price of my labour, and offered to advance me a sum of money to enable me to remove into more creditable lodgings. But I rejected his offer, as it was incompatible with my plan of independence, which it was my ardent desire and ambition to cherish and support. Besides, I disdained to make myself a debtor for a superfluous obligation, or accept a paltry gratification at the expence of my freedom. I also suspected that my employer's offer did not proceed from the

most liberal and ingenuous motives, but, because he was afraid I might find some more generous chapman for my wares. This last supposition had considerable influence on my mind; and though it was never verified, I still incline to think it was the principal motive that actuated the editor to make the offer.

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CHAPTER

CHAPTER XVI.

WE thus pursued our studies with industry and success, and M'Frazer made a very considerable progress towards the completion of his history, when a most extraordinary and unforeseen accident put a stop to the execution of his design, and involved us in fresh difficulties.

One morning, whilst M'Frazer and I were employed at our usual occupations, a detachment of police officers entered our apartment, and apprehended us on suspicion of counterfeiting the coin of the realm. We were immediately carried before the sitting magistrate at the public office, Bow-street, and after a long examination, as nothing criminal could be proved against us, we were ordered to be

discharged,

discharged, our names and a description of our persons being first registered in the catalogue of suspicious characters.

Misfortunes are said seldom to come alone: and one calamity generally treads upon the heel of another. When we were discharged from the police office, and almost arrived at our own habitation, we were taken into custody by a mob, who had followed us from the office, hooting at us, and swearing they would execute the law themselves. For this purpose they bound our hands behind our backs, and one more knowing than his fellows mounting an apple-stall, began to expatiate on the great sin and wickedness of the magistrate for acquitting such rascals as us (such was the title he asserted we merited). "Look you, neighbours," said he, "it is my opinion, that coming is
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the worst and most devilish offence that a man can commit. It is robbing us poor people, and doing rich folks no harm. I do not know what the justice has been thinking about, when he let these two men slip through his fingers: however, it is our faults if we let them slip through ours. I have got two bad half crowns and a bad shilling at home, and I durst take my bible-oath that these are the very fellows that coined them. It is wonderful and surprising to think, to what a terrible pitch of wickedness the world is arrived, that villains like these make money and go unpunished, while the honest man (I call him honest in comparison with these rogues) that boldly takes a shilling on the highway, is hanged for doing it. If you take my advice, neighbours, you will give them a surfeit of their trade

before

before you quit them, and disable them from following it for the future."

The spokesman then descended from the apple-stall, and the mob began to pursue his advice by discharging a volley of stones at us. In vain we asserted our innocence, and begged to be reconducted to Bow-street, if any person could allege any crime against us. Our cries and protestations of innocence served only to increase the rancour and violence of the mob, which nothing less than our destruction could satisfy, and which they swore to achieve before they had done with us. I could perceive with the little sight which yet remained in my left eye (my right one being closed up with a brickbat), that the female sex were the principal instigators and perpetrators of the outrages committed against us. Their
 shrill

shrill shouts and furious gestures bore a dreadful similitude to the ancient *orgia* of Bacchus; and their terrible threats recalled to my mind the fate of the Theban king, who was torn in pieces by his mother and sisters.

In this dangerous crisis, unable to defend ourselves, and assailed from every quarter by a violent discharge of stones, brick-bats, and other missile weapons, we were almost sinking beneath the unappeasable rage of the mob, when one of those rare beings, whose philanthropy requires no other incentive to a virtuous action than the distress of his fellow creatures, stepped up to us, and unbinding our hands, declared he would protect us at the peril of his own life. The seasonable interposition and assistance of this man effectually changed the fortune of
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the war. We now became the assailants; and arming ourselves from the wreck of a wheel-barrow, which had been demolished by the mob during the affray, we attacked our adversaries with such desperate courage and resolution, that in a few minutes they began to give way. This pleasing fight inspired us with fresh spirits, and renovated our strength, which was almost exhausted, by the kicks and cuffs that had been so very bountifully bestowed upon us. The spokesman who had inflamed the passions of the mob against us, was among the first that experienced the weight of our blows; a well-directed stroke from the arm of M'Fraser levelled him with the ground, and the dread of a repetition of it constrained him to remain in his prostrate situation. After the fall of their spokesman, the mob began

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to separate more rapidly than they had assembled, and soon left us masters of the field of battle, but totally unable to pursue our enemies.

When the mob was dispersed, we were requested by our deliverer to accompany him to his own house, where we might have our wounds dressed, and be accommodated with clean linen. For some time we hesitated to accept this offer, being desirous to return to our garret as soon as possible, for fear any of M'Fraser's creditors or acquaintance should recognise him: but when our deliverer again urged his request with an earnestness and solicitude for our welfare, that left no doubt upon our minds of the integrity of his motive, we could no longer refuse to comply with his entreaty. As we were unable to walk through the streets in our present condition,

tion, and his house was situated a little distance out of town, he called a coach, and gave orders to the coachman to drive slowly, lest the jolting of the carriage should add to the hurts we had already received.

When we arrived at the house of our protector, he conducted us into a neat though small apartment, which seemed to serve occasionally for a kitchen, parlour, or study, and which displayed elegance without ostentation, and convenience without superfluity. One corner of this room was occupied by a dresser, in which culinary utensils were deposited; and another by shelves for books. The walls were ornamented with maps and charts, and upon a table near the centre of the room were placed two large globes, and several astronomical and mathematical instruments.

instruments. After we were seated, our deliverer made us each drink a cordial of his own making, which he recommended as very efficacious for healing inward hurts and bruises; and then began to prepare poultices and fomentations for our outward wounds.

When our wounds were dressed, and he had supplied us with a clean shirt apiece, he advised us to endeavour to take a little rest before we thought of returning to our lodgings: "For," said he, "as no bones are broken, sleep will contribute more to your recovery than all the drugs in London." With this, he helped us both to another glass of his cordial, and shewing us to a small bedchamber on the ground-floor, he told us he would return in about two hours, and see how we did.

We

We were now left to meditate on the singularity and perverseness of our destiny, which in the space of six hours, had undergone so many changes, and exhibited so great a variety of the vicissitudes of a day. The kindness and friendship of a man who was a total stranger to us both, filled us with wonder and astonishment; whilst his looks, his manners, and the very furniture of his house, bespoke him one of those excellent beings, who are formed by nature in her rare paroxysms of good humour, to delight and instruct the world. His person was stout, vigorous and athletic, and though he appeared to be upwards of fifty, he retained all the energy and activity of five-and-twenty. His countenance was noble and pleasing, yet there was a species of pensive melancholy imprinted upon it, which seemed

rather

rather to proceed from some crosses and disappointments, he had met with in life, than from a temper habitually gloomy and saturnine. His manners were bold and insinuating, and his mien graceful and obliging: his very looks gained our confidence, and his words and actions retained it.

Such were our ideas after a few hours acquaintance with this extraordinary man. When the two hours were expired, he came, according to his promise, to enquire how we did, and finding his cordial and fomentations had done us a great deal of service, he brought us some clean clothes to dress ourselves with, telling us to come into the kitchen as soon as that was done, for he had provided a dinner for us. This last intimation was very agreeable to us both, as neither of

us had tasted any victuals since the preceding evening, and it was now almost five o'clock in the afternoon. We therefore dressed ourselves with speed, and waited upon our host in his philosophic kitchen, where we found he had provided a leg of mutton and some broth for us. On these we made a most excellent meal, and fully atoned for the length of our fast.

When dinner was over, our worthy host, who had acted both as master and servant upon the occasion, again supplied us with some of his restorative cordial; and viewing us with an eye of feeling curiosity, requested to be informed, what were the circumstances that had drawn upon us the resentment of the mob?

It was impossible after the obligations he had laid upon us to refuse his request; and as Mr. M'Frazer's upper lip was so

much bruised, that he spoke with great pain and difficulty, the task of relating our history devolved upon me. I, therefore, gave a narrative of the principal incidents that had happened to us since our residence in the garret, neither palliating nor concealing any of the circumstances, with which my readers are already acquainted. When I had finished my narrative, our host, who had preserved a most attentive silence during the whole time, began as follows :—" I perceive, young men, from your relation, that you are not strangers either to the smiles or frowns of fortune. Your condition of life, at some former period, has, I think, been superior to your present appearance: but it is of little moment to me, whether the distress you now exhibit, be occasioned by misfortune or misconduct. Distress, from whatsoever cause it originates, has always
a powerful

a powerful claim upon my assistance. I despise and detest the narrow-minded and sanguinary principles, that influence and actuate the mass of mankind, and change the fundamental tenets of justice and truth into an heterogeneous system of iniquity and crimes. Experience has taught me to reject the errors of society ; and, I hope, philosophy has in some degree enabled me to correct them.

“ Like the gay, the giddy, thoughtless throng of the world, I was once immersed in the enjoyment of the fascinating pleasures and loose gratifications of civilized society. My passions knew no reins, and my avidity for trifles no bounds. The throne of reason was usurped by folly and madness, and virtue lay prostrate at the feet of infamy and vice. The active duties and obligations of life, were neglected for the empty

allurements of vanity and pride; and the generous feelings of benevolence and humanity, were extinguished beneath the brutal apathy of a sensualist. How dreadful is the remembrance of such a state! How sad, how melancholy the reflection, that thousands of our fellow-beings are slaves to such failings, and even glory in their bondage!

“ Yet from whence originates this monstrous conglomeration of folly and vice?—To what sources do we owe this terrific assemblage of crimes and offences?—And are the young, the thoughtless and inexperienced, the only delinquents? No! the rigid moralist, and mortified bigot, the form that skulks beneath the cowl of hypocrisy, and proclaims his own virtues to the world, and the rulers and legislators of the state, are the great sources from whence those evils proceed.

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They are the parents and fosterers of errors ; but with admirable subtilty they disown and persecute the progeny they have nurtured and reared to maturity. They are indeed splendid declaimers against vice ; yet they adopt no efficient plans to impede its progress, and encourage no schemes for the reformation of its votaries. Content that they themselves are exempt from its influence, their only pleasure is to exalt and magnify their own virtues, by debasing and vilifying their fellow-beings. They enact laws for the punishment, not the prevention, of crimes. Listen, transgressors, and tremble at the language these men hold forth to you : ‘ You have offended,’ say they, ‘ and we will persecute ; and should your crime escape the strong arm of the law, the last catastrophe of vice, still our vengeance shall pursue and harass your existence,

ence. You shall wander forsaken outcasts of society, nor shall time or amendment restore you to its blessings. The scourge of retribution shall not relax its severity, nor shall avengeful vigilance be lulled to sleep when you no longer exist. Miscreants ! They shall haunt your children, and the children of your children, and curse and infamy shall be their hereditary possessions.' Such is the doctrine of the optimates of the land, and their actions maintain the strictest conformity with its tenets. They never admit the repenting, amended sinner within the sacred pale of their community ; but all their endeavours, are concentrated to effect his misery and destruction. Vain and fruitless are all the attempts, that the unfortunate transgressor can make, to deprecate the wrath of offended moralists, or assuage the anger of exasperated

exasperated sanctity. Still! still, alas! the fatal stigma remains indelibly imprinted on his character; nor can a century spent in virtue erase its cursed remembrance.

"I beg you, my friends, to pardon my garrulity: it is, however, a weakness which my absence from the busy concerns of the world may excuse. I have long been a stranger to the cheerful converse of man: but my retirement has not been dedicated to poring upon pious legends, or practising monkish superstitions. I have employed my time on other objects and cares, and sought to beguile the tedious days of my affliction, with studies which might enlighten and benefit mankind. Yet, alas! I am hated and despised: driven from the society of those to whom I was once dear, and my very name detested by my own kindred."

Here

Here he paused for some time, as if unwilling we should know any more of his history. A tear stole down his cheeks, and for a few minutes sighs suppressed his utterance. At length, however, when he recovered from his agitation, he proceeded :

“ When I was banished from the society of my friends, and cast upon the wide theatre of life, I endeavoured to form some new associates, some new companions, to whom I might impart my sorrows and my griefs. Ignorant and unacquainted with man and manners, the ardour and vehemence of my disposition led me to imagine, that I should find an *Achates* in every man with whom I conversed, and a faithful *Mentor* wherever I requested advice. But, alas ! these visionary notions have long since been eradicated, and their fallacy established by
fatal

fatal experience and bitter disappointment. The world is a desert to me, and its inhabitants vultures and wolves! They glut themselves with the blood and groans of their fellow-beings, and sport with the sighs and tears of poverty and affliction!

“Oh, society! society! Why am I condemned to depict thy crimes and offences? It is indeed an ungrateful, melancholy task; but it is also a duty, a sorrowful but indispensable obligation I owe to misfortune and oppression. I will perform my duty, I will discharge my obligation. My feeble talents shall be exerted in the service of distress, my voice shall cherish, and my arm shall support, the needy and forlorn.

“I was long a sojourner in the valley of affliction, and resident in the habitation of despair: long was I tossed by the waves

of

of adversity, and agitated by the tempest of woe. But the blast of calamity is blown over, and my mutilated bark rides triumphant after the storm. I am no longer the object of malice, nor the reptile of hatred and contempt. Yet time has not been able to obliterate the memory of my wounds, or remove their anguish from my heart. I still remember, I still feel, and I still lament.

“I am, however, afraid I shall exhaust your patience by engrossing the whole conversation to myself. Besides, I am certain, after the barbarous treatment you have experienced from the mob, you must be more disposed to refresh your wearied and aching limbs with sleep, than to listen to my tale of sorrow and affliction.” Here he again sighed, and looking affectionately at us both, paused.—For some minutes we all remained silent: till at length M’Frazer, forgetting

forgetting the anguish of his lip, interrupted our reveries.—

“It may perhaps,” said he, addressing himself to our deliverer, “be thought presumptuous in me, after the favours I have already received from you, to request any more. But I must confess, the little of your history you have been so obliging as to communicate, has only served to make me desirous to become acquainted with more of it. Believe me, sir, it is not an idle curiosity that urges me to make this request: I should, indeed, be unworthy the kindness and protection you have shewn me, if I was actuated by so base and despicable a motive. I have been miserably unfortunate myself, and, like you, I am hated and despised: but my heart is still alive to commiserate the sorrows of others, and pity calamities which I myself do not feel. If I can apply no remedy to
relieve

relieve and mitigate your sorrows, I can at least afford you the consolation to think, that I participate of them. The man who has experienced affliction, is most able to sympathize with the afflictions of others. But let me entreat you, sir, let me conjure you, to pay no regard to my request, if a compliance with it should occasion you a moment's uneasiness, or renew one bitter sensation of the past. Far be it from me to gratify my curiosity with what gives you pain, or to derive pleasure from what makes your wounds bleed afresh."

Here M'Frazer finished his discourse; and our deliverer proceeded to relate his history, after he had supplied us both with another glass of his restorative cordial, and laid some fresh fuel upon the fire.

END OF VOL. I.

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